

6. I.  
A KING,  
and  
NO KING.

Acted at the *Blacke-Fryars*, by his  
MAIESTIES Seruants.

*And now the third time Printed, according  
to the true Copie.*

---

Written by { FRANCIS BEAMONT  
&  
JOHN FLETCHER } Gent.

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THE STATIONER TO  
DRAMATOPHILVS.

*A Play and no Play, who this Booke shall read,  
Will indge, and weepe, as if 'twere done indeed.*

---

LONDON,

Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to bee sold  
at his Shop in *Chancerie Lane*, neere  
*Serjeants Inne.* 1631.



## The Personated Persons.

*Arbaces.* } King of Iberia,  
*Tigranes,* } King of Armenia.

*Gobrias,* Lord Protector, and Father of *Arbaces.*

*Bacurius,* another Lord.

*Mardonius,* } 2 Captaines.  
*Bessus.* }

*Lygones.* Father of *Spaconia.*

Two Gentlemen.

3 Men and a Woman.

*Phillip.* A servant and a Citizens Wines.

A messenger.

A servant to *Bacurius.*

Two Sword men.

A Boy:

*Arane.* } The Queenes Mother.  
*Panthea.* } her Daughter.  
*Spaconia.* } A Lady Daughter of *Lygones.*  
*Mandane.* } A waiting woman, and other  
Attendants.





# A KING AND NO KING.

*Enter Mardonius and Bessus, two Captaines.*

*Mar.*



*Bessus*, the KING has made a faire hand on't, he has ended the wars at a blow, would my sword had a close ha ket hilt to hold wine, and the

blade would make knives, for we shall haue nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are commanders shall doe well enough.

*Mar.* Faith *Bessus* such Comanders as thou may, I had as liue set thee *Perdue* for a pudding'yth darke, as *Alexander* the great

*Bes.* I loue these iests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I thinke thou loust'em better then quarrelling *Bessus*, he say so much in thy behalfe, and yet thou'rt valiant enough vpon a retreat, I thinke thou would'st kill any man, that stopp thee if thou couldst.

*Bes.* But was not this a braue combate *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see't?

*Bes.* You stood wi' me.

*Mar.* I did so, but me thought thou wink't euery blow they strooke.

*Bes.* Well, I belecue there are better souldiers then I, that neuer saw two Princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth I thinke so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse then thou haue scene as much.

# A King and no King.

*Bes.* Twas brauely done of our King.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the warres: I'me glad thou dar'st talke of such dangerous businesses.

*Bes.* To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's owne Countrey in single combate.

*Mar.* See how thy blood curdles at this, I thinke thou couldst be contented to be beaten i'this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly.

*Mar.* I.

*Bes.* I could willingly venter for't.

*Mar.* Vm, no venter neither *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Let mee not liue, if I doe not thinke t'is a brauer peece of seruice then that I'me so fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou fam'd for any vallour?

*Bes.* Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'me eene heartily glad on't, I haue bene with thee ere since thou cam'st to'th Warres, and this the first word that euer I heard on't, prethee who fam's thee.

*Bes.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of'em, in my conscience thou deseru'st it not.

*Bes.* Yes, I ha' done good seruice.

*Mar.* I doe not know how thou may'st waite of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of shifting of a Trencher, but otherwise no seruice good *Bessus*.

*Bes.* You saw me doe the seruice your selfe.

*Mar.* Not so hasty sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd.

*Bes.* At *Bessus* desp'rat redemption:

*Mar.* At *Bessus* desp'rat redemption, wher's that.

*Bes.* There where I redeem'd the day, the place beares my name.

*Mar.* Pray thee who Christ'ned it.

*Bes.* The Souldiers.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merily dispos'd man, what would become of thee: one that had but a graine of choller in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the wormes, for putting thy name vpon that field  
did



did not I beate thee there i'th head, a'th troupes with a trun-  
chion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy com-  
pany, when we should charge the enemy.

*Bes.* True, but I did not runne.

*Mar.* Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on'r.

*Bes.* But came I not vp when the day was gone, and re-  
deem'd all.

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so doe I, thou meant'st to flie,  
and thy feare making thee mistake, thou ran'st vpon the ene-  
my, and a hot charge thou gau'st, as Ile doe thee right,  
thou art furious in running away, and I thinke, we owe thy  
feare for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou  
wouldst mistake alwayes, and runne away vpon th'enemy,  
thou shouldst be Generall by this light.

*Bes.* Youle neuer leaue this till I fall foule.

*Mar.* No more such wordes deare *Bessus*, for though I  
haue euer knowne thee a coward, and therefore durst neuer  
strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant,  
and beat thee.

*Bes.* Come, our King's a braue fellow.

*Mar.* He is so *Bessus*, I, wonder how thou cam'st to know  
it, But if thou wer't a man of vnderstanding, I would tell  
thee, hee is vaine-glorious, and humble, and angry, and pa-  
tient, and merry, and dull, and ioyfull, and sorrowfull in ex-  
tremity in an houre: Doe not thinke me thy friend for this,  
for if I car'd who knew it, thou should'st not heare it *Bessus*,  
Here he is with his prey in his foote.

*Enter &c Seres Flourish.*

*Enter Arbaces and Tigranes two Kings and  
two Gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadresse braue *Tigranes* takes away  
From my full victory am I become  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieue  
When I orecome him; They that plac'd me here,  
Intended it an honour large enough,  
For the most valiant living; but to dare

*Oppose*

Oppose me single, though he lost the day,  
 What should afflict you, you are free as I,  
 To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
 Then you were formerly, and neuer thinke  
 The man I held worthy to combat me  
 Shall be vs'd seruily: Thy ransom is  
 To take my only Sister to thy wife,  
 A heauy one *Tigranes*, for she is  
 A Lady, that the neighbour Princes send  
 Blanks to fetch home, I haue beene too vnkind  
 To her *Tigranes*, Shee but nine yeare old  
 I left her, and nere saw her since, your Warres  
 Haue held me long and taught me, though a youth,  
 The way to victory, Shee was a pretty child,  
 Then, I was little better, but now fame  
 Cryes loudly on her, and my messengers  
 Make me belecue shee is a miracle;  
 Sheele make you shrink, as I did with a stroake,  
 But of her eye *Tigranes*.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of *Iberia* to vse their prisoners thus?  
 Had Fortune throwne my name about *Arbaces*,  
 I should not thus haue talk'd sir, in *Armenia*,  
 We hold it base, you should haue kept your temper  
 Till you saw home againe, where'tis the fashion  
 Perhaps to bragge.

*Arb.* Be you my witnesse earth, need I to bragge,  
 Doth not this captiue Prince speake  
 Me sufficiently, and all the Acts  
 That I haue wrought vpon his suffering Land;  
 Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground  
 Within his whole Realme, that I haue not past,  
 Fighting and conquering; Farre then from mee  
 Be ostentation, I could teile the world  
 How I haue layd his Kingdome desolate  
 By this sole Arme prop't by Diuinity,  
 Script him out of his glories, and haue sent  
 The pride of all his youth to peeple graues,  
 And made his Virgins languish for their Loues,



*A King and no King.*

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If I would brag, should I that haue the power  
To teach the Neighbour world humillity  
Mixe with vaine-glory :

*Mar.* Indeed this is none.

*Arb. Tygranes.* Nay did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,  
I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you doe.

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
That thinks me apt to boast after any Act  
Fit for a good to doe vpon his foe,  
A little glory in a souldiers mouth  
Is well becomming, be it farre from vaine.

*Mar.* Tis pittie that vallour should be thus drunke.

*Arb.* I offer you my sister, and you answere  
I doe insult, a Lady that no sute  
Nor treasure, nor thy Crowne could purchase thee,  
But that thou fought'it with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
Then that you spake before, it strikes me not ;  
But that you thinke to ouer-grace-me with,  
The mariage of your sister, troubles me,  
I would giue worlds for ransomes were they mine,  
Rather then haue her.

*Arb.* See if I insult  
That am the Conqueror, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,  
Which he refuses, and I beare his scorn:  
It cannot be selfe flattery to say,  
The daughters of your Countrey set by her,  
Would see their shame, runne home and blush to death  
At their owne foulness, yet shee is not faire,  
Nor beautifull, those words expresse her not,  
They say her lookes haue something excellent,  
That wants a name : yet were shee odious  
Her birth deserues the Empire of the world,  
Sister to such a Brother, that hath tane  
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,

B

Caries

Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,  
 Shee durst not leaue him; Nature did her wrong,  
 To print continuall conquest on her cheeks,  
 And make no man worthy for her to taste,  
 But me that am too neere her, and as strangely  
 Shee did for me, but you will thinke I bragge.

*Mar.* I doe Ile besworne. Thy vallour and thy passions  
 feuer'd, would haue made two excellent fellowes in their  
 kindes: I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so va-  
 liant, or so passionate, would one of v<sup>m</sup> were away.

*Tygr.* Doe I refuse her that I doubt her worth,  
 Were shee as vertuous as she would bee thought,  
 So perfect that no one of her owne sex  
 Could find a want, had she so tempting faire,  
 That shee could wish it off for damning soules,  
 I would pay any rancome, twenty liues  
 Rather then meete her married in my bed,  
 Perhaps I haue a loue, where I haue fixt  
 Mine eyes not to be mou'd, and she on me,  
 I am not fickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause?  
 Thinke you, you can so knit your selfe in loue  
 To any other, that her searching sight  
 Cannot dissolue it? So before you tri'd  
 You thought your selfe a match for mee in fight,  
 Trust me *Tirganes*, she can doe as much  
 In peace, as I in Warre, Shee le conquere too,  
 You shall see if you haue the power to stand  
 The force of her swift lookes, if you dislike,  
 Ile send you home with loue, and name your rancome  
 Some other way, but if she be your choise,  
 She frees you: To *Iberia* you must,

*Tigr.* Sir, I haue learn'd a prisoners sufferance,  
 And will obey, but giue me leaue to talke  
 In priuate with some friends before I goe.

*Arb.* Some to awaite him foorth, and see him safe,  
 But let him freely send for whom he please,  
 And none dare to disturbe his Conference,

I will



*A King and no King.*

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I will not haue him know what bondage is. *Exit Tigranes:*  
Till he be free from me, This Prince, *Mardonius,*  
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces  
Man can receiue.

*Mar.* And yet you Conquer'd him,

*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him, and could haue done't  
Had'st thou ioyn'd with him, though thy name in Armes  
Be great; Must all men that are vertuous  
Thinke suddenly to match themselves with me,  
I conquer'd him, and branely; did I not?

*Bes.* And please your Maiesty I was afraid at first,

*Mar.* When wert thou other?

*Arb.* Of what?

*Bes.* That you would not haue spy'd your best aduanta-  
ges, for your Maiestie in my opinion lay too high, me thinks,  
vnder fauour, you should haue layne thus.

*Mar.* Like a Taylor at a Wake.

*Bes.* And then, if please your Maiesty to remember, at one  
time, by my troth, I wish't my selfe wi' you.

*Mar.* By my troth thou wouldst ha stunke 'em both out  
o'th Lists.

*Arb.* What to doe?

*Bes.* To put your Maiesty in mind of an occasion; you  
lay thus, and *Tirganes* falsified a blow at your legge; which  
you by doing thus auoyded; but if you had whip'd vp your  
legge thus, and reach'd him on the eare, you had made the  
blood-Royall runne downe his head.

*Mar.* What Countrey Fence-schoole learn'st that at?

*Arb.* Pish, did not I take him nobly?

*Mar.* Why you did, and you haue talked enough on't.

*Arb.* Talke enough,

will you confine my words, by Heauen and Earth,  
I were much better be a King of Beasts  
Then such a people: if I had not patience  
Abooue a god, I should be cal'd a Tyrant  
Throughout the World. They will offend to death  
Each minute: Let me heare thee speake againe  
And thou art earth againe. why this is like

B 2

*Tigranes*

*Tygranes* speech that needs would say I brag'd,  
*Bessus* he sayd I brag'd.

*Bes.* Ha ha ha.

*Arb.* Why do'st thou laugh?

By all the world, I'me growne ridiculous  
 To my owne Subiects: Tye me in a Chayre  
 And ieast at me, but I shall make a start,  
 And punish some, that other may take heed  
 How they are haughty; who will answere mee?  
 He sayd I boasted, speake *Mardonius*,  
 Did I? He will not answere, O my Temper!  
 I giue you thanks aboue, that taught my heart  
 Patience, I can endure his silence; what wil none  
 Vouchsafe to giue me answere? am I growne  
 To such a poore respect, or doe you meane  
 To breake my wind? Speake, speake, some one of you.  
 Or else by Heaven,

*1. Gent.* So please your.

*Arb.* Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,  
 As if I were too sawcy, I will liue  
 In woods, and talke to trees, they will allow me  
 To end what I beginne. The meanest Subiect  
 Can find a freedome to discharge his soule,  
 And not I, now it is a time to speake,  
 I hearken.

*1. Gent.* May it please.

*Arb.* I meane not you,

Did not I stop you once? But I am growne  
 To balke, but I defie, let another speake.

*2. Gent.* I hope your Maiesty.

*Arb.* Thou draul'st thy words,

That I must waite an houre, where other men  
 Can heare in instants; throw your words away  
 Quicke, and to purpose, I haue told you this.

*Bes.* And please your Maiesty.

*Arb.* Wilt thou deuoure me? this is such a rudenesse  
 As you neuer shew'd me, and I want



Power to command too, else *Mardonius*  
Would speak at my request; were you my King,  
I would have answered at your word *Mardonius*  
I pray you speake, and truly, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me,  
When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,  
With that sole Arme propt by Divinity:  
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to vs  
That dayly vented lines?

*Arb.* O that thy Name  
Were great as mine, would I had paid my wealth,  
It were as great, as I might combat thee,  
I would through all the Regions habitable  
Search thee, and having found thee, wi my Sword  
Drive thee about the world, till I had met  
Some place that yet mans curiosity  
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:  
Forgotten of Mankind, such funerall rites  
As beastes would giue thee, thou shouldst haue.

*Bes.* The King rages extreamely, shall wee flinke away?  
Hee'll strike vs.

2. *Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know 'twas this sole arme,  
I grant you were my instruments, and did  
As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arme  
Mou'd you like wheelles, it mou'd you as it pleas'd:  
Whither slip you now? what are you too good  
To wait on me? (*puffe*,) I had need haue temper  
That rule such people; I haue nothing left  
At my owne choyse, I would I might be priuate:  
Meane men enioy themselues, but 'tis our curse,  
To haue a tumult that out of their loues  
Will vvaite on vs, whether vve will or no;  
Goe get you gone: Why here they stand like death,  
My words moues nothing.

1. *Gent.* Must we goe?

*Bef.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you leaue we Sirs, I'me proud of this,  
That you will be intreated from my fight; *Exeunt all but*  
Why now they leaue me all: *Mardonius.* *Arb. and Mar.*

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Will you leaue mee quite alone? me thinkes  
Ciuitie should teach you more then this,  
If I were but your friend: Stay here and waite.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speake?

*Arb.* Why you would now thinke much  
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat  
What I would haue: doe, speake.

*Mar.* But will you heare me out?

*Arb.* With me you article to talke thus: well,  
I will heare you out.

*Mar.* Sir, that I haue euer lou'd you, my sword hath  
spoken for me, that I doe, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath,  
a great one to my witnesse, and were you not my King, from  
amongst men, I should haue chose you out to loue about the  
rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my owne sake I  
should haue done, because I would haue lou'd the most de-  
seruing man, for so you are.

*Arb.* Alas *Mardonius*, rise you shall not kneele,  
We all are souldiers, and all venter liues:  
And where there is no difference in mens worths,  
Titles are ieasts: who can out-valew thee?

*Mardonius* thou hast lou'd me, and hast wrong,  
Thy loue is not rewarded, but beleue  
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,  
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

*Mar.* Sir, you did promise you would heare me out.

*Arb.* And so I will; speake freely, for from thee  
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you haue all this worth, you hold some  
qualities that doe Eclipse your vertues.

*Arb.* Eclipse my vertues.

*Mar.* Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they  
appeare euen in this: when I commend you, you hug mee  
for



for that trueth : but when I speake your faults , you make a start, and fly the hearing : but.

*Arb.* When you commend me ? O that I should liue To need such commendations : If my deeds Blew not my prayse themselves about the earth, I were most wretched : spare your idle praise : If thou didst meane to flatter, and shouldst vtter Words in my prayse, that thou thought'st impudence, My deeds should make'em modest : when you prayse I hugge you ? tis so false, that wert thou worthy Thou should'st receiue a death, a glorious death From mee : but thou shalt vnderstand thy lies, For should'st thou prayse me into heauen, and there Leau me inthron'd, I would despise thee though As much as now, which is as much as dust, Because I see thy enuy.

*Mar.* How euer you will vse me after, yet for your owne promise sake, heare me the rest.

*Arb.* I will, and after call vnto the winds, For they shall lend as large an eare as I To what you vtter : speake.

*Mar.* Would you but leane these hasty tempers, which I doe not say take from you all your worth , but darken'em, then you will shine indeed,

*Arb.* Well.

*Mar.* Yet I would haue you keepe some passions , lest men should take you for a god, your vertues are such.

*Arb.* Whynow you flatter.

*Mar.* I neuer vnderstood the word, were you no King, and free from these moodes , should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you, or for honesty to interchange my bosome with, it should be you, or wisdom to giue mee counsaile, I would picke out you : or vallour to defend my reputation , still I should find you out ; for you are fit to fight for all the world ; if it could come in question : Now I haue spoke, consider to your selfe, find out a vse ; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not materiall ; more then ten such liues.

As

As mine *Mardonius* : it was nobly sayd,  
 Thou hast spoke trueth, and boldly such a trueth  
 As might offend another, I haue beene  
 Too passionate, and idle, thou shalt see  
 A swift amendment ; but I want those parts  
 You prayse me for : I fight for all the world ?  
 Giue thee a sword, and thou wilt go as farre  
 Beyond me, as thou art beyond in yeeres,  
 I know thou dar'st and wilt ; it troubles me  
 That I should vse so rough a phrase to thee,  
 Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,  
 So thou wilt pardon me, that thou and I  
 Should differ thus.

*Mar.* Why 'tis no matter Sir.

*Arb.* Faith but it is, but thou dost euer take  
 All things I doe, thus patiently, for vvhich  
 I neuer can requite thee, but vwith loue,  
 And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I  
 Haue not beene merry lately : pray thee tell mee  
 Where hadst thou that same ieuell in thine care ?

*Mar.* Why at the taking of a towne.

*Arb.* A wench vpon my life, a wench *Mar-*  
*donius* Gaue thee that Ieuell.

*Mar.* Wench, they respect not mee, I'me old and rough,  
 and euery limbe about me, but that vvhich should, growes  
 stiffer, I those busineses I may sweare I am truly honest :  
 for I pay iustly for what I take, and would be glad to bee at  
 a certainty.

*Arb.* Why doe the wenches incoach vpon thee ?

*Mar.* I by this light doe they.

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em ?

*Mar.* Yes faith.

*Arb.* And doe they improve themselves ?

*Mar.* I, ten shillings to me, euery new yong fellow they  
 come acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst liue on't ?

*Mar.* Why I thinke I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take them vp at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and *Bassus*.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Your price?

*Arb.* I at the Kings price,

*Mar.* That may be more then I'me worth

2. *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1. *Gent.* I thinke not.

*Bes.* He is, hee is, wee le shew our selues.

*Arb.* *Bessus*, I thought you had bene in *Iberia* by this, I bad you hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainement for mee.

*Bes.* And please your Maiesty I haue a sute

*Arb.* Is't not loue sic *Bessus*, what is't?

*Bes.* I am to carry a Lady with me.

*Arb.* Then thou hast two sutes.

*Bes.* And if I can preferre her to the Lady *Panthea* your Maiesties sister, to learne fashions, as her friends terme it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights lodgings as'tis thither, wilt not?

*Bes.* I know not that Sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why thou shalt bid her entertaine her from me, so thou wilt resolue me one thing.

*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith'tis a very disputable question, and yet I think thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your Maiestie haz a good opinion of my vnderstanding.

*Arb.* I haue so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Some body haz traduced mee to you: doe you see this sword Sir.

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I doe not make my back-biters eate it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant. *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your Maiesty.

*Arb.* From *Gobrias*?

*Mes.* Yes Sir.

*Arb.* How does he, is he well.

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good newes.

A truttier seruant to his Prince there liues not;

Then is good *Gobrias*.

1. *Gent.* The King starts backe.

*Mar.* His blood goes backe as fast.

2. *Gent.* And now it comes againe.

*Mar.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of heauen is on me, be it far  
From me to struggle, if my secret finnes  
Haue pul'd this curse vpon me, lend me teares  
I now to wash me white, that I may feele  
A child-like innocence within my breast;  
Which once perform'd, O giue me leaue to stand  
As fix'd as constancy her selfe, my eyes  
Set her vn-mou'd, regardlesse of the World,  
Though thousand miseries incompasse me.

*Mar.* This is strange, Sir, how doe you?

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, my mother.

*Mar.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas shee's not so happy, thou dost know.  
How she hath labour'd since my Father died  
To take by treason hence this loathed life,  
That would but bee to serue her, I haue pardon'd,  
And pardon'd, and by that haue made her fit  
To practise new finnes, not repent the old:  
She now had stir'd a slave to come from thence,  
And strike me here, whom *Gobrias* lifting out,  
Tooke and condemn'd and executed there,  
The careful'st seruant: Heauen let me but liue  
To pay that man; Nature is poore to mee,  
That will not let me haue as many deaths  
As are the times that he hath sau'd my life,  
That I might dye'em ouer all for him.

*Mar.* Sir, let her beare her sins on her owne head,  
Vexe not your selfe.

*Arb.* What will the World  
Conceiue of me? with what vn-naturall finnes  
Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
Is sought by her that gaue it to the world?  
But yet hee writes me comfort here, my Sister



He sayes is growne in beauty and in grace;  
In all the Innocent vertues that become  
A tender spotlesse maid: she staines her cheekes  
With mourning teares to purge her mothers ill,  
And mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,  
Her pure Oblations for my safe returne.  
If I haue lost the duty of a sonne,  
If any pompe or vanity of state  
Made me forget my naturall offices,  
Nay farther, if I haue not euery night  
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,  
If ought vnto my Parent they haue cr'd,  
And cal'd'em backe: doe you direct her arme  
Vnto this foule dissembling heart of mine:  
But if I haue beene iust to her, send out  
Your power to compasse mee, and hold me safe  
From searching treason; I will vse no meanes  
But prayer: for rather suffer me to see  
From mine owne veines issue a deadly flood,  
Then wash my danger off with Mothers blood.

*Mar.* I nere saw such sodaine extremities.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Tigr.* Why? wilt thou haue me die. *Spaconia*,  
What should I doe?

*Spa.* Nay let me stay alone,  
And when you see *Armenia* againe,  
You shall behold a Tombe more worth then I,  
Some friend that euer lou'd me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women, many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those Maides  
That place their loues vnfortunately high  
As I haue done, where they can neuer reach:  
But why should you goe to *Iberia*?

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt aske me, aske the man  
That rages in a feauer why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
Are courting ore the Meadows with their loues?

Can I resist it? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd me!

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee, *Tigranes* he has won but halfe  
Of thee, thy body, but thy mind may be as free  
As his, his will did neuer combat thine;  
And take it prisoner,

*Tigr.* But if he by force  
Conuey my body hence, what helps it me  
Or thee to be vnwilling.

*Spa.* O *Tigranes*,  
I know you are to see a Lady there,  
To see, and like I feare: perhaps the hope  
Of her makes you forget me; ere we part  
Be happier then you know to wish: farewell.

*Tigr.* *Spasania* stay and heare me what I say,  
In short, Destruction meete me that I may  
See it, and not avoid it when I leaue  
To be thy faithfull Louer: part with me  
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our loue,  
And I haue giuen gold vnto a Captaine  
That goes vnto *Iberia* from the King,  
That he will place a Lady of our Land  
With the Kings sister that is offered me;  
Thither shall you, and being once got in  
Perswade her by what subtile meanes you can  
To be as backward in her loue as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away  
With words from louing you?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am iealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather loose you: can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,  
And I that euer yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie?

*Tigr.* Yet doe thy best.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* What is your Maiestie ready?

*Tigr.* There is the Lady Captaine.

*Bes.*



*Bes.* Sweet Lady by your leave, I could wish my selfe  
mere full of Courtship for your faire sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feele no want of that.

*Bes.* Lady, you must haste, I have receined new letters  
from the King, that requires more hast then I expected, hee  
will follow me sodainly himselfe, and begins to call for your  
Maiestie already.

*Tigr.* He shall not doe so long.

*Bes.* Sweet Lady shall I call you my charge hereafter?

*Spa.* I will not take vpon me to gouerne your tongue Sir,  
you shall call me what you please.

*The end of the first Act.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, Wait-  
ing-Women with Attendants.*

*Gob.* **M**Y Lord *Bacurius*, you must haue regard  
vnto the Queene, she is your prisoner,  
Tis at your perill if shee make escape.

*Bac.* My Lord I know't, she is my prisoner  
From you committed; yet she is a woman,  
And so I keepe her safe, you will not vrge mee  
To keepe her close, I shall not shame to say  
I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So doe I my Lord;  
I sorrow for her that so little grace  
Doth gouerne her: that shee should stretch her arme  
Against her King, so little woman-hood  
And naturall goodnesse, as to thinke the death  
Of her owne Sonne.

*Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

*Gob.* There is a Lady takes not after you,  
Her Father is within her, that good man  
Whose teares waide downe his sins, marke how she weeps,  
How well it does become her, and if you

Can find no disposition in your selfe  
To sorrow, yet by gracefullnesse in her  
Find out the way, and by your reason weepe :  
All this shee does for you, and more shee needes  
When for your selfe you will not loose a teare,  
Thinke how this want of griefe discredits you,  
And you will weepe, because you cannot weepe.

*Ara.* You talke to mee as hauing got a time  
Fit for your purpose; but you know I know  
You speake not what you thinke.

*Pan.* I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softnesse should be vrg'd  
Against my Mother, a more troubled thought  
No Virgin beares about; should I excuse  
My Mothers fault, I should set light a life  
In loosing which, a brother and a King  
Were taken from me, if I seeke to saue  
That life so lou'd, I loose another life  
That gaue me being, I shall loose a Mother,  
A word of such a sound in a childs eare  
That it strikes reuerence through it; may the wil  
Of Heauen be done, and if one needs must fall,  
Take a poore Virgins life to answer all.

*Ara.* But *Gobrias* let vs talke, you know this fault  
Is not in me as in another Mother.

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your help?

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay, should you publish it  
before the world, thinke you t'wood be belceu'd?

*Ara.* I know it would not.

*Gob.* Nay should I ioyne with you,  
Should we not both be torne, and yet both dye  
Vncredited?

*Ara.* I thinke we should.

*Gob.* Why then

Take you such violent courses? as for me,



I doe but right in sauing of the King  
From all your plots.

*Ara.* The King?

*Gob.* I bad you rest with patience, and a time  
Would come for me  
To reconcile all to your owne content  
But by this way, you take away my power  
And what was done vnknowne, was not by mee  
But you : your vrging being done  
I must preferue my owne, but time may bring  
All this to light, and happily for all.

*Aran.* Accursed be this ouercurious braine  
That gaue that plot a birth, accurst this wombe  
That after did conceiue to my disgrace.

*Bac.* My Lord Protector, they say there are diuers letters  
come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* haz done good service, and  
brought againe a day, by his particular valour, recein'd you  
any to that effect.

*Gob.* Yes, tis most certaine.

*Bac.* I'me sorry for't, not that the day was wonne, but that  
'twas wonne by him : we held him here a coward, a did mee  
wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world, for  
nor I, nor any other held him worth my sword.

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my Lord Protector, from the King these  
letters : and to your Grace Madam, these.

*Gob.* How does his Maiestie.

*Bes.* As well as conquest by his owne meanes and his  
valiant Commanders can make him : your letters will tell  
you all.

*Pan* I will not open mine till I doe know  
My Brothers health, good Captaine is he well?

*Bes.* As the rest of vs that fought are :

*Pan.* But how's that ? is he hurt ?

*Bes.* He's a strange Souldier that gets not a knocke,

*Pan.* I doe not aske how strange that Souldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he haue one.

*Bes.* He had diners.

*Pan*

*Pan.* And is he well againe?

*Bes.* Well againe an't please your grace, why I was runne twice through the body, and shot i'th head with a crosse arrow, and yet am well againe.

*Pan.* I doe not care howv thou do'st, is he vwell?

*Bes.* Not care howv I doe? let a man out of the mightinesse of his spirit, fructifie forreine countries vwith his blood for the good of his ovvne, and thus hee shall bee answered, Why I may liue to relieue vwith speare and shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I vvill care, I'me glad that thou art vwell, I prethee is hee so?

*Gob.* The King is vwell, and will be here to morrow.

*Pan.* My prayer is heard: now will I open mine.

*Gob. Bacurins* I must ease you of your charge:  
Madame the wonted mercy of the King,  
That ouertakes your faults, haz met with this,  
And strooke it out, he haz forgien you freely,  
Your owne will is your law, be vvhere you please.

*Arane.* I thanke him.

*Gob.* You vvill be ready.

To vvaite vpon his Maiestie to morrov.

*Arane.* I vvill.

*Exit Arane.*

*Bac.* Madam be vvise hereafter:

I am glad I haue lost this office.

*Gob.* Good Captaine *Bessus* tell vs the discourse betvvixt *Tigranes* and our King, and howv vvee got the victory.

*Pan.* I pre'thee doe, and if my Brother vv ere in any danger, let not thy tale make him abide there long before thou bring him off, for all that vv hile my heart vv ill beat.

*Bes.* Madam, let vv hat vv ill beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it vv as; they fought single in lists, but one to one, as for my owne part, I was dangerously hurt but three dayes before, else perhaps we had beene two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enimie had made Trenches.

*Gob.* Captaine, without the manner of your hurt bee  
much



much materiall to this busines, wee leaue it some other time.

*Pan.* I prethee leaue it, and goe on with my Brother.

*Bes.* I will, but 't would bee worth your hearing: To the lists they came, and single sword and Gauntlet was their fight.

*Pan.* Alas.

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen Captaines of either side mingled, all which were sworne, and one of those was I; and 't was my chance to stand next a Captaine oth' enemies side, called *Tiribasus*; Valiant they sayd he was, whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribasus* cast something a scornfull looke on me, and ask't mee whom I thought would ouercome: I smilde and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceiue by the euent of that whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to helpe him, I-

*Pan.* All this is of thy selfe, I pray thee *Bessus* Tell something of my brother, did he nothing?

*Bes.* Why yes, He tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the word giuen, which for my owne part by my troth I confesse I was not to giue.

*Pan.* See for his owne part.

*Bac.* I feare yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

*Bes.* But I.

*Pan.* Still of himselfe.

*Bes.* Cri'd giue the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not giuen then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held vp his finger to me, which is as much with vs Martialists, as I will fight with you: I sayd not a word, nor made signe during the combate but that once done,

*Pan.* He slips ore all the fight.

*Bes.* I cal'd him to me, *Cosroes* sayd I:

*Pan.* I will heare no more.

*Bes.* No, no, I lie.

*Bac.* I dare be sworne thou dost.

*Bes.* Captaine sayd I, so twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee I will heare no further.

*Bef.* No? your Grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it, what is this the Lady  
My Brother writes to me to take?

*Bef.* And please your Grace this is shee: Charge will you  
come neere the Princeesse?

*Pan.* You'r welcome from your Countrey, and this Land  
Shall shew vnto you all the kindnesse

That I can make it; What's your name?

*Spa.* *Thalestris.*

*Pan.* Y'are very welcome, you haue got a letter  
To put you to me, that haz power enough  
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,  
That are so farre from being so to me  
That you ne're saw me.

*Bef.* Madame, I dare passe my word for her trueth,

*Spa.* My trueth?

*Pan.* Why Captaine, doe you thinke I am afraid sheele  
steale?

*Bef.* I cannot tel, seruants are slippery, but I dare giue my  
word for her, and for honesty, she came along with mee, and  
many fauours she did me by the way, but by this light, none  
but what she might doe with modesty, to a man of my ranck.

*Pan.* Why Captaine, her's nobody thinks otherwise.

*Bef.* Nay, if you should, your Grace may thinke your plea-  
sure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all  
that way, if euer I touch'd any bare of her aboue her knee, I  
pray God I may sinke where I stand.

*Spa.* Aboue my knee?

*Bef.* No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I  
did, this sword shall answere; Nay, Ile defend the reputati-  
on of my Charge whilst I liue; your Grace shall vnderstand  
I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a  
Ladies honour.

*Spa.* I hope your Grace knowes him so well already,  
I shall not need to tell you hee's vaine and foolish.

*Bef.* I, you may call mee what you please, but Ile defend  
your good name against the world; and so I take my leaue  
of



of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

*Bac.* O Captaine *Bessus*, I thanke you, I would speake with you anon.

*Bes.* When you please, I wil attend your Lordship. *Exit Be.*

*Bac.* Madam, Ile take my leaue too.

*Pan.* Good *Bacurius*.

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his Maiestie to you?

*Pan.* O my Lord,

The kindest wordes; Ile keepe'em whilst I liue,

Here in my bosome, ther's no art in'em

They lie disordered in this paper, iust

As hearty nature speakes'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes what reares of ioy he shud to heare

How you were growne in euery vertues way,

And yeelds all thankes to me, for that deare care

Which I was bound to haue in trayning you

There is no Princeesse liuing that enioyes

A Brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing, and feel's more heate and cold within her brest, then I doe now, In hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he writes, he bringes along with him, a husband for you, that same captiue Prince, And if he loue you as he makes a shew, He will allow you freedome in your choise.

*Pan.* And so he will my Lord, I warrant you, He will but offer, and giue me the power To take or leaue.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like That man were bargain'd with before I chuse him.

*Pan.* But I am not built on such wild humours, If I find him worthy, he is not lesse Because hee's offerd.

*Spa.* 'Tis true, hee is not, would he would seeme lesse?

*Gob.* I thinke ther's no Lady can affe  
Another Prince, your brother standing by;

He doth eclipse mens vertues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a Lady may, and more I feare  
Another Lady will.

*Pan.* Would I might see him.

*Gob.* Why so you shall: my busineses are great,  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

*Pan.* I thanke you good my Lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready Madam. *Exit Gob.*

*Pan.* Yes.

*Spa.* I doe beseech you Madam send away  
Your other women, and receiue from me  
A few sad words, which set against your ioyes  
May make'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs leaue me all.

*Exeunt women.*

*Spa.* I kneele a stranger here to beg a thing  
Vnfit for me to aske, and you to grant,  
'Tis such another strange ill-layd-request,  
As if a begger should intreat a King  
To leaue his Scepter, and his throne to him  
And take his rags to wander o're the world  
Hungry and cold.

*Pan.* That were a strange request.

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then doe not vtter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be vtter'd, I, and granted, or I die:  
I am asham'd to speake it, but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her woman  
That will not take something vnreasonably  
To hazzard sauing of it: I shall seeme  
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they giue me ought,  
Yet so I must: I would you were not faire,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:  
If you were foolish, you would heare my prayer,  
If foule, you had not power to hinder me:  
He would not loue you.

*Pan.*



*Pan.* What's the meaning of it?

*Spa.* Nay my request is more without the bounds  
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the power  
Of you to doe, what I would haue you grant.

*Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speake it out.

*Spa.* Your brother brings a Prince into this land,  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withall, that euery maide  
That lookes vpon him, giues away her selfe  
To him for euer; and for you to haue  
He brings him: and so mad is my demaund,  
That I desire you not to haue this man,  
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,  
If you should misse him, I doe now expect  
You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weepe  
Rather, for I haue found in all thy words  
A strange disioynted sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me,  
His owne desire so, that you would not loue him,

*Pan.* His owne desire, why credit me *Thalestria*:  
I am no common woer: If he shall woe me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not sweare  
I will not loue him; but if he will stay  
To haue me woe him, I will promise thee  
He may keepe all his graces to himselfe,  
And feare no rauishing from me,

*Spa.* 'Tis yet  
His owne desire, but when he sees your face,  
I feare it will not be; therefore I charge you  
As you haue pittie, stop those tender eares  
From his enchanting voice, close vp those eyes,  
That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
Nor he from you; I charge you as you hope  
To liue in quiet, for when I am dead  
For certaine I will walke to visite him  
If he breake promise with me: for as fast  
As oath's without a formall ceremony

Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearelesse,  
For if he were a thing t'wixt God and man,  
I could gaze on him; if I knew it sinne  
To loue him without passion: Dry your eyes,  
I sweare you shall enioy him still for me,  
I will not hinder you; but I perceiue  
You are not what you seeme: Rise, rise *Thalestris*,  
If your right name be so.

*Spa.* Indeed it is not,  
*Spaconia* is my name; but I desire  
Not to be knowne to others.

*Pan* Why, by me you shall not,  
I will neuer doe you wrong,  
What good I can, I will, thinke not my birth  
Or education such, that I should iniure  
A stranger Virgin; you are welcome hither,  
In company you wish to be commanded,  
But when we are alone, I shalbe ready  
To be your seruant.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter three men and a woman.*

1 Come, come, run, run, run.

2 We shall outgoe her.

3 One were better bee hang'd, then carry out women fid-  
ling to these shewes.

*Wom.* Is the King hard by?

1 You heard he with the bottles sayd, hee thought wee  
shou'd come too late: What abundance of people here is?

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles;

3 I know not.

2 Why Inke goodman foole.

3 Inke, what to doe?

1 Why, the King looke you, will many times call for  
those bottels, and breake his minde to his friends.

*Wom.* Let's take our places, wee shall haue no roome  
else.

2 The man told vs hee would walke afoote through the  
people.



3 I marry did he.

1 Our shops are well look't-to now.

2 S'life, yonder's my master, I thinke,

1 No, 'tis not he.

*Enter a man with two Citizens wines.*

1 Cit. Lord, how fine the fields bee, what sweet living'tis in the Countrey?

2 Cit. I, poore soules, God helpe'em, they liue as contentedly as one of vs.

1 Cit. My husbands cousen would haue had me gone into the Country last yeare, wert thou euer there?

2 Cit. I, poore soules, I was amongst'em once.

1 Cit. And what kind of creatures are they, for lone of God?

2 Cit. Very good people God helpe'em.

1 Cit. Wilt thou goe downe with me this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 Cit. Alas, it is no place for vs.

1 Cit. Why pray thee?

1 Cit. Why you can haue nothing there, ther's no body cries broomes.

1 Cit. No?

2 Cit. No truely, nor milke.

1 Cit. Nor milke, how doe they?

2 Cit. They are faine to milke themselues i'the countrey.

1 Cit. Good Lord: but the people there I think will be very dutifull to one of vs.

1 Cit. I, God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 Cit. Doe they not, alas? I'good faith I cannot blame them: for we doe not greatly care for them our selues.

*Phil. p* I pray choose vs a place.

*Phil.* Ther s'the best forsooth.

1 Cit. By your leaue good people a little

3 What's the matter?

*Phil.* I pray you my friend doe not thrust my Mistris so, shee's with childe.

2 Let her looke to her selfe then, haz shee not had showing

showing enough yet; if shee stay shouldring here, she may haps goe home with a cake in her belly.

3 How now Goodman Squitter-breech, why doe you leane on me?

*Phil.* Because I will.

3 Will you sir saunce-boxe:

1 *Cit.* Looke if one ha' not strooke *Phillip*, come hither *Phillip*, why did he strike thee?

*Phil.* For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou leane on him?

*Phil.* I did not thinke he vould haue strooke me.

1 *Cit.* As God saue mee la, thou'rt as vild as a Bucke, ther's no quarrell but thou'rt at one one end or other on't.

3 It's at the first end then, for hee'le nere stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well slipstring, I shall meete vvith you.

3 When you vwill.

1 *Cit.* Ile giue a crowne to meete vvith you.

3 At a Bawdy house.

1 *Cit.* I, you're full of your roguery; but if I doe meete you, it shall cast me a fall.

*Flourish, Enter one running.*

4 The King, the King, the King, the King,  
Novv, novv, novv, novv.

*Flourish: Enter Arbace, Tigranes, the two Kings, & Mardonius*

*All.* God preferue your Maiestie.

*Arb.* I thanke you all, novv are my ioyes at full,  
When I behold you safe, my louing Subiects;  
By you I growv, 'tis your vnited loue  
That lifts me to this height:

All the account that I can render you  
For al the loue you haue bestowed on me,  
All your expences to maintaine my vvarre,  
Is but a little vvord, you vwill imagine  
'Tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a vvord  
As is not to be bought, but vvith your blouds,  
'Tis peace.

*All* God preferue your Maiestie.

*Arb.* Novv you may liue securely i' your townes.

Your



Your children round about you ; you may sit  
Vnder your vines, and make the miseries  
Of other kingdomes, a discourse for you,  
And lend them sorrowes : For your selues, you may  
Safely forget there are such things as teares,  
And you may all, whose good thoughts I haue gain'd  
Hold me vnworthy, where I thinke my life  
A sacrifice too great to keepe you thus  
In such a calme estate.

*All.* God blesse your Maiestie.

*Arb.* See all good people, I haue brought the man,  
Whose very name you fear'd, a captiue home ;  
Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes* ; In your heart  
Sing songs of gladnesse, and deliuerance.

1. *Cit.* Out vpon him.

2. *Cit.* How he lookes.

3. *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

*Mard.* These are sweet people.

*Tigr.* Sir, you doe mee wrong,  
To render me a scorned spectacle  
To common people.

*Arb.* It was so farre from me  
To meane it so : if I haue ought deseru'd,  
My louing Subjects let me begge of you  
Not to reuile this Prince, in whom there dwells  
All worth of which the nature of a man  
Is capable, valour beyond compare,  
The terrour of his name haz stretcht it selfe  
Where euer there is sunne : and yet for you  
I fought with him single, and won him too ;  
I made his valleur stoop, and brought that name,  
Soard to so vn-belieu'd a height, to fall  
Beneath mine : This inspir'd with all your loues,  
I did performe, and well for your content  
Be euer ready for a greater word.

*All.* The Lord blesse your Maiestie.

*Tig.* So he haz made me amends now, with a speech in  
commendation of himselfe: I would not be so vaine-glorious.

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may  
 Doe good to any creature, here, speake out;  
 For I must leaue you : and it troubles me,  
 That my occasions for the good of you,  
 Are such as call me from you ; else, my ioy  
 Would be to spend my dayes amongst you all,  
 You shew your loues in these large multitudes  
 That come to meete me, I will pray for you,  
 Heauen prosper you, that you may know old yeares,  
 And liue to see your Childrens Children  
 Sit at your boards with plenty : when there is  
 A want of any thing, let it be knowne  
 To me, and I will be a father to you :  
 God keepe you all.

*Flourish,*

*Exeunt Kings and their traine.*

*All.* God blesse your Maiesty, God blesse your Maiesty.

1 Come, shall we goe? all's done.

*Wom.* I for Gods sake, I haue not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell *Phillip*.

1 *Cit.* Away you halter-sacke you.

2 *Phillip* will not fight, hee's afraid on's face.

*Phil* I marry am I afraid of my face.

3 Thou would'st be *Phillip*, if thou saw'st it in a glasse; it  
 lookes so like a visour.

*Exeunt 2. 3. and women.*

1. *Cit.* You'le be hang'd firra : Come *Phillip* walke afore  
 vs homewards ; did not his Maiesty say hee had brought vs  
 home Pease for all our money ?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.* The're the first I heard on this yeare by my troth,  
 I long'd for some of 'em? did he not say we should haue some ?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shal anon I warrant you haue euery  
 one a pecke brought home to our houses.

*The end of the Second Act.*

Actus.



*A King and no King.*

31

*Actus Tertius.*

*Euter Arbaces and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* **M**Y Sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill,

Something vn indly she does take it Sir,  
To haue her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why *Gobrias* let her, I must haue her know  
My will, and not her owne, must gouerne her:  
What will shee marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* () shee is farre from any stubbornnesse,  
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like  
Where you will haue her; but when you behold her  
You will be loath to part with such a iewell.

*Arb.* To part with her, why *Gobrias*, art thou mad?  
Shee is my sister.

*Gob.* Sir, I know shee is:  
But it were pittie to make poore our Land  
With such a beauty, to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish, will she haue him?

*Gob.* I doe hope she will not, I thinke she will sir.

*Arb.* Were she my Father, and my Mother too,  
And all the names for which we thinke folkes friends,  
She should be forc't to haue him, when I know  
'Tis fit: I will not heare her say shee's loath.

*Gob.* Heaven bring my purpose luckily to passe  
You know't is iust, shee will not need constraint  
Shee loues you so.

*Arb.* How does she loue me, speake?

*Gob.* She loues you more then people loue their health,  
That liue by labour; more then I could loue  
A man that died for mee, if he could liue againe.

*Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.

*Gob.* O no, when you were in *Armenia*,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:  
For at the first on euery little scratch,

She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eate,  
Till you were well, and many times the newes  
Was so long comming, that before we heard  
She was as neere her death, as your health.

*Arb.* Alas poore soule, but yet she must be rul'd;  
I know not how I shall requite her well.  
I long to see her: haue you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready?

*Gob.* Sir I haue.

*Ent. 1. Gent. and Tigranes*

*1. Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian King.*

*Arb.* Hce's welcome,

*1. Gent.* And the *Queene-Mother*, and the *Princesse*  
waite without.

*Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring'em in.

*Tigranes* you will thinke you are ariu'd  
In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poyson  
Their onely sonnes; thinke you you shall be safe?

*Tigr.* Too safe I am sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.*

*Arane.* As low as this I bow to you, and would  
As low as is my grane to shew a mind  
Thankfull for all your mercies.

*Arb.* O stand vp,  
And let me kneele, the light will be asham'd  
To see obseruance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my King

*Arb.* You are my mother, rise;  
As farre be all your faults from your owne soule,  
As from my memorie; then you shall be  
As white as innocence her selfe.

*Ara.* I came  
Onely to shew my duty, and acknowledge  
My Sorrowes for my sinnes; longer to stay  
Were but to draw eyes more attentiuely  
Vpon my shame: That power that kept you safe  
From me, preserue you still.

*Ara.* Your owne desires shall be your guide. *Exit Arane.*  
*Pan.*



*Pan.* Now let me die,  
Since I haue seene my Lord the King return  
In safety, I haue seene all good that life  
Can shew me ; I haue nere another wish  
For heauen to grant nor were it fit I should :  
For I am bound to spend my age to come  
In giuing thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your Maiestie speake?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the Princeesse.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, I am fearefull you doe looke  
On me, as if I were some loathed thing  
That you were finding out a way to shunne.

*Gob.* Sir, you should speake to her.

*Arb.* Ha?

*Pan.* I know I am vnworthy, yet not ill  
Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneele,  
Till I am one with earth, but I will gaine  
Some words and kindnesse from you.

*Tigr.* Will you speake Sir?

*Arb.* Speake, am I vvhat I vvass?  
What art thou that doest creepe into my breast,  
And darst not see my face? shew forth thy selfe:  
I feele a payre of fiery wings displai'd  
Hither, from hence; you shall not tarry there,  
Vp and be gone, if thou beest Loue, be gone.  
Or I will teare thee from my vvounded breast,  
Pull thy lou'd downe away, and with thy quill  
By this right arme drawn from thy wanton wing  
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy bloud,  
That you are Powers beli'd, and all your darts  
Are to be blowne away by men resolu'd  
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away,

*Tigr.* O miserie, why should he be so slow,  
There can no falshood come of louing her,  
Though I haue giuen my faith; shee is a thing  
Both to be lou'd and seru'd beyond my faith:  
I would he would present me to her quickly.

*Pan.* Will you not speake at all? are you so farre  
From kind words? yet to saue my modesty  
That must talke till you answere, do not stand  
As you were dumbe, say something, though it be  
Poyson'd with anger that it may strike me dead.

*Mar.* Haue you no life at all? for manhood sake  
Let her not kneele, and talke neglected thus;  
A tree would find a tongue to answere her,  
Did shee but giue it such a lou'd respect.

*Arb.* You meane this Lady: lift her from the earth;  
Why doe you let her kneele so long? alas,  
Madame your beauty vses to command,  
And not to beg; what is your sute to me?  
It shall be granted, yet the time is short,  
And my aff. ires are great: but wher's my Sister?  
I bad she should be brought.

*Mar.* What is he mad?

*Arb.* *Gobrias*, where is shee?

*Gob.* Sir.

*Arb.* Where is she man?

*Gob.* Who Sir?

*Arb.* Who hast thou forgot my Sister?

*Gob.* Your Sister sir?

*Arb.* Your Sister sir? some one that hath a wit, answere;  
where is she.

*Gob.* Doe you not see her there?

*Arb.* Where?

*Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There, where?

*Mar.* S'light there, are you blind?

*Arb.* Which doe you meane, that little one?

*Gob.* No Sir.

*Arb.* No sir, why doe you mocke me? I can see  
No other here but that petitioning Lady.

*Gob.* That's she,

*Arb.* Away.

*Gob.* Sir, it is shee.

*Arb.* Tis false.

*Gob.*



*Gob.* Is it ?

*Arb.* As hell by heauen, as false as hell,  
My sister : is she dead ? if it be so,  
Speake boldly to me : for I am a man  
And dare not quarrell with Diuinity ;  
And doe not thinke to coasen me with this :  
I see you all are mute and stand amaz'd,  
Feare full to answere me ; it is too true,  
A decreed instant cut's off eu'ry life,  
For which to mourne, is to repine ; She di'de  
A Virgin, though more innocent then sheepe,  
As cleare as her owne eyes, and blessednesse  
Eternall waits vpon her where shee is :  
I know she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new, and you shall see me beare  
My crosses like a man ; wee all must die,  
And she hath taught vs how.

*Gob.* Doe not mistake,  
And vexe your selfe for nothing ; for her death  
Is a long life off, I hope : 'Tis shee,  
And if my speech deserue not faith, lay death  
Vpon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which good *Gobrias* ?  
That Lady dost thou meane ?

*Gob.* That Lady Sir,  
She is your sister, and she is your sister  
That loues you so, 'tis she for whom I weepe  
To see you vse her thus.

*Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tigr.* Pish, this is tedious,  
I cannot hold, I must present my selfe ;  
And yet the sight of my *Spaconia*  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap  
Does one that is about to sinne.

*Arb.* Away.

Nomore of this ; here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names

Or thinks her for my sister, 'tis a lie,  
 The most malicious of the world, inuented  
 To mad your King; he that vwill say so next,  
 Let him dravv out his svord, and sheath it here,  
 It is a sinne fully as pardonable:

She is no kinne to me, nor shall she be;  
 If she vvere euer, I create her none:  
 And vvhich of you can question this? My povver  
 Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,  
 And not disputed vwith: I haue decreed her  
 As farre from hauing part of blood vwith me,  
 As the nak'd Indians: come, and ansvvere me,  
 He that is boldest novv; is that my sister?

*Mar.* O this is fine.

*Bes.* No marry she is not an't please your Maiefty,  
 I neuer thought shee vvas, shee's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No, 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou should'st be hang'd.

*Pan.* Sir, I vwill speake but once: by the same povver;  
 You make my blood a stranger vnto yours;  
 You may command me dead, and so much loue  
 A stranger may importune, pray you doe;  
 If this request appeare too much to grant,  
 Adopt me of some other Familie,  
 By your vnquestion'd vword; else I shall liue  
 Like sinfull issues that are left in streets  
 By their regardlesse Mothers, and no name  
 Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I vwill heare no more,  
 Why should there be such moficke in a voyce,  
 And fine for me to heare it? All the vworld  
 May take delight in this, and tis damnation  
 For me to doe so: You are faire and vvise,  
 And vertuous I thinke, and he is blest  
 That is so neere you as my brether is:  
 But you are naught to mee but a disease;  
 Continuall torment vwithout hope of ease;  
 Such an vngodly sicknesse I haue got,

That



That he that undertakes my cure must first,  
 'Ore-throw Diuinity, all morall Lawes,  
 And leaue mankind as vnconfin'd as beasts,  
 Allowing 'em to doe all actions  
 As freely as they drinke when they desire.  
 Let me not heare you speake againe; yet see  
 I shall but languish for the want of that  
 The hauing which would kill me: No man here  
 Offer to speake for her; for I consider  
 As much as you can say: I will not royle  
 My body and my mind too, rest thou there,  
 Here's one within wil labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gab.* Feare not Madam,

The King will alter, 'tis some sodaine rage,  
 And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray heauen it doe.

*Tigr.* Though shee to whom I swore, be here, I cannot  
 Stifle my passion longer if my father  
 Should rise againe disquieted with this,  
 And charge me to forbear, yet it would out,  
 Madame, a stranger, and a prisoner begs  
 To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome Sir  
 I thinke, but if you be not, 'tis past me  
 To make you so: for I am here a stranger  
 Greater then you: we know from whence you come,  
 But I appeare a lost thing, and by whom  
 Is yet vncertaine; found here i'th Court,  
 And onely suffer'd to walke vp and downe,  
 As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* O I feare

*Tigranes* will be caught, he lookes me thinkes,  
 As he would change his eyes with her; some helpe  
 There is about for me I hope.

*Tigr.* Why doe you turne away and weepe so fast,  
 And vtter things that mis-become your lookes,  
 Can you want owning?

*Spa.* O'tis certaine so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge your selfe mine.

*Arb.* How novv?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking.

*Tigr.* Nations shal owne you for their Queene.

*Arb.* *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Arb.* And who is this?

*Tigr.* Shee is your sister.

*Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is shee so againe? thats well.

*Arb.* And how then dare you offer to change wordes with her?

*Tigr.* Dare doe it, why? you brought me hither Sir  
To that intent.

*Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,  
If I had sworne it, had you so much folly  
To credit it? The least word that shee speakes  
Is worth a life: rule your disordered tongue,  
Or I will temper it.

*Spa.* Blest be the breath.

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue; such incivilities  
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:  
You breake the laws of Nature, and of Nations,  
You talke to me as if I were a prisoner  
For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speake  
If thunder checke me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will.

*Spa.* Alas my Fortune.

*Tigr.* Do not feare his frowne, deare Madam heare me.

*Arb.* Feare not my frowne? but that'twere base in mee  
To fight with one I know I can ore-come,  
Again thou should'st be conquer'd by me.

*Mar.* Hee haz one rancome with him already; me thinks  
'twere good to fight double, or quit.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison: Now Sir see  
If my frowne be regardlesse: why delay you?

Seize



Seize him *Bacurius*, you shall know my vword  
Sweepes like a wind, and all it graples with,  
Are as the chaffe before it.

*Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Arb.* Helpe there.

*Tigr.* Away.

1 *Gent.* It is in vaine to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forc't.

*Bac.* Sir you must pardon vs, vve must obey.

*Arb.* Why doe you dally there? dragge him avway  
By any thing.

*Bac.* Come Sir.

*Tigr.* Iustice, thou ought'st to giue me strength enough  
To shake all these off; This is tyrannie,

*Arbaces* sutler then the burning Buls,

Or that fram'd Titans bed. Thou mightst as vwell

Search i the deepe of vvinter, through the Snow

For halfe staru'd people, to bring home vvith thee

To shevv'em fire, and send'em backe againe,

As vse me thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close *Bacurius*.

*Exit Tig. and Bac.*

*Spa.* I nere reioyc'd at any ill to him,  
But this imprisonment: vvhat shall become  
Of me forsaken?

*Gob.* You vvill not let your Sister  
Depart thus discontented from you Sir.

*Arb.* By no meanes *Gobrias*, I haue done her vvrong,  
And made my selfe beleene much of my selfe,  
That is not in me: You did kneele to me,  
Whilst I stood stubborne and regardlesse by,  
And like a god incensed, gaue no care  
To all your prayers: behold, I kneele to you,  
Shevv a contempt as large as vvvas my ovvne,  
And I vvill suffer it, yet at the last forgiue me.

*Pan.* O you vvrong me more in this,  
Then in your rage you did: you mocke me novv.

*Arb.* Neuer forgiue me then, vvwhich is the vvorst  
can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
Stand vp, and giue me but a gentle looke,  
And two kind words, and I shall be in heauen.

*Arb.* Rise you then to heare; I acknowledge thee  
My hope, the only ieuell of my life,  
The best of filters, dearer then my breath,  
A happinesse as high as I could thinke;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise;  
Perdition light vpon me.

*Pan.* This is better  
Then if you had not frown'd it comes to me  
Like mercy at the blocke, and when I leaue  
To serue you with my life your curse be with mee.

*Arb.* Then thus I doe salute thee, and againe,  
To make this knot the stronger, Paradice  
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,  
This third kisse blots it out, I wade in sinne,  
And foolishly intice my selfe along;  
Take her away, see her a prisoner  
In her owne chamber, closely *Gobrias*.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, why?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer, doe it.

*Gob.* Good Sir.

*Arb.* No more, doe it I say.

*Mar.* This is better and better.

*Pan.* Yet heare me speake.

*Arb.* I will not heare you speake,  
Away with her, let no man thinke to speake  
For such a creature: for shee is a witch,  
A poysoner, and a Traytor.

*Gob.* Madam, this Office grieues me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well the king is pleased with it.

*Arb.* *Bessus*, goe you along too with her; I will prooue  
All this that I haue sayd, if I may liue  
So long: but I am desperately sicke,  
For shee haz giuen me poyson in a kisse;  
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes  
She witches people; goe without a word.

*Exeunt Gob, Pan, Bes. & Spa.*

Why



Why should you that haue made me stand in warre  
Like fate it selfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,  
Decree such an vnworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? What am I alas,  
That you oppose me? if my secret thoughts  
Haue euer harbour'd swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you, and it is in you  
To giue me sorrow, that will render me  
Apt to receiue your mercie; rather so,  
Let it be rather so, then punish me  
With such vnmanly sinnes: Incest is in me  
Dwelling already, and it must be hol'y  
That puls it thence, where ar't *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Heere Sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee beare me, if thou canst,  
Am I not growne a strange weight?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heauier?

*Mar.* No Sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs  
Refuse to beare my body; O *Mardonius*,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st  
I could haue gone, though I could neuer runne.

*Mar.* And so I shall againe.

*Arb.* O no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you goe rest your selfe.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter when they talke of me,  
As thou shalt heare nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee doe: for thou shalt neuer see me so  
againe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bessus alone.*

*Bes.* They talke of fame, I haue gotten it in the warres,  
and will afford any man a reasonable penni-worth: some  
will say they could be content to haue it, but that it is to be  
atchiue'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise; for if I  
might stand still in Cannon prooffe, and haue fame fall vpon

mee, I would refuse it : my reputation came principally by thinking to runne away, which nobody knowes but *Mardonius*; and I think he conceales it to anger me. Before I went to the warres, I came to the towne a young fellow, without meanes, or parts to deserue friends; and my empty guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meate, which I did, and they beate me : then would I fast two dayes, till my hunger cry'd out on me, raile still, then mee thought I had a monstrous stomacke to abuse 'em againe, and did it. In this state I continu'd till they hung me vpb'the heeles, and beate me wi' haffe stickes, as if they would haue baked mee, and haue coulen'd some body wi' mee for Venison : After this I ray'd, and eate quietly : for the whole Kingdome tooke notice of me for a bafel'd whipt fellow, and what I said, was remembred in mirth but neuer in anger, of which I was glad, I would it were at that passe againe. After this, heauen cald an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a couzens hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, ray'd a company for me with the money, and sent me into *Armenia* with'em : Away I would haue runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not ranne. I was neuer at battle but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so fraide, that I saw no more then my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and ouerthrew'em : Now the report of my valour is come ouer before mee, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd, A plague of their eloquence, 'twill cost mee many a beating : And *Mardonius* might helpe this too, if he would; for now they thinke to get honour on me, and all the men I haue abused call me freshly, worthily, as they call it, by the way of Challenge.

*Enter a Gent.*

3. *Gent.* Good morrow Captaine *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Good morrow sir,

2. *Gent.* I come to speake with you.

*Bes.* You'r very welcome.

3. *Gent.* From one that holds himselfe wrong'd by you some three yeares since : your worth hee saies is fam'd, and  
he



he doth nothing doubt but you will doe him right, as be-  
seemes a souldier.

*Bef.* A pox on'em, so they cry all.

3. *Gent.* And a slight note I haue about me for you, for  
the deliury of which you must excuse me; it is an office that  
friendship calls vpon me to doe, and no way offensive to you;  
since I desire but right on both sides.

*Bef.* 'Tis a challenge Sir, is it not?

3. *Gent.* 'Tis an inuiting to the field.

*Bef.* An inuiting? O cry you mercie, what a comple-  
ment he deliurs it with? he might as agreeable to my na-  
ture, present me poyson with such a spech: vm vm vm re-  
putation, vm vm vm call you to account, vm vm vm forc'd  
to this, vm vm vm with my sword, vm vm vm like a gentle-  
man, vm vm vm deare to me, vm vm vm satisfaction: 'Tis  
very well Sir, I doe accept it, but he must awaite an answer  
this thirteene weekes.

3. *Gent.* Why Sir, he would be glad to vvipe off his staine  
as soone as he could.

*Bef.* Sir, vpon my credit I am already ingag'd to two  
hundred and twelue, all which must haue their staines vvipt  
off, if that be the word, before him.

3. *Gent.* Sir, if you bee truly ingag'd but to one, hee shall  
stay a competent time.

*Bef.* Vpon my faith Sir, to two hundred and twelue, and I  
haue a spent body, too much bruis'd in battle, so that I can-  
not fight, I must bee plaine, aboue three combats a day: All  
the kindnesse I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my  
roule, the two hundreth and thirteenth man, which is some-  
thing, for I tell you, I thinke there will bee more after him  
then before him, I thinke so, pray you commend me to him,  
and tell him this.

3. *Gent.* I will Sir, good morrow to you.

*Exit 3. Gen.*

*Bef.* Good morrow good Sir. Certainly my safest way  
were to print my selfe a coward, with a discouery how I  
came by my credit, and clap it vpon euery post: I haue re-  
ceiued aboue thirty challenges within this two houres, marry  
all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good  
fortune

fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's referd. the place where it must be ended, i. foure dayes iourney off, and our arbitratours are these: Hee haz chosen a Gentleman in trauaile, and I haue a speciall friend with a quartaine ague, like to hold him this five yeare, for mine; and when his man comes home we are to expect my friends health. If they would find mee Challenges thus thicke, as long as I liu'd, I would haue no other liuing; I can make seuen shillings a day oth paper to the Grocers: yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe find euidently, that there is some one Sctruener in this Towne, that haz a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and fixe of'em in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is deare to mee, and I must require satisfaction: Who's there? more paper I hope, no, tis my Lord *Bachrius*, if are all is not well betwixt vs. *Enter Bac.*

*Bac.* Now Captaine *Bessus*, I come about a friuolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wronged me.

*Bes.* True my Lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I thinke, yet for their satisfaction, I will haue you fight with me.

*Bes.* O my good Lord, my deepe ingagements.

*Bac.* Tell not me of your ingagements, Captaine *Bessus*; it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my owne part, I am none of the multitude that beleue your conuersion from coward.

*Bes.* My Lord, I seeke not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it.

*Bac.* Who then pray?

*Bes.* *Bessus* the coward wrong'd you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall *Bessus* the valiant, maintaine what *Bessus* the coward did?

*Bac.* I pray thee leaue these cheating trickes, I sweare thou



thou shalt fight with mee, or thou shalt be beat extreame-ly, and kick'd

*Bes.* Since you prouoke me thus farre my Lord, I will fight with you, and by my Sword it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will haue my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your legge? Why? what ayles your legge? I do a cure on you, stand vp.

*Bes.* My Lord, this is not noble in you.

*Bac.* What doest thou with such a phrase in thy mouth, I will kicke thee out of all good wordes before I leaue thee.

*Bes.* My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confesse thy selfe a coward still, or by this light ile beate thee in o'spunge.

*Bes.* Why I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so Sir? and why do you were a sword then? Come vn buckle, quicke.

*Bes.* My Lord.

*Bac.* Vnbuckle say, and giue it me, or as I liue thy head will aile extreame-ly.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lord-ship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a new-yeares gift.

*Bac.* I thanke you very heartily, sweet Captaine farewell.

*Bes.* One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife againe.

*Bac.* Marry by all meanes Captaine, cherish your selfe with it, and eate hard good Captaine; wee cannot tell whether we shall haue any more such: Adue deere Captaine.

*Exit Bacchus.*

*Bes.* I will make better vse of this then of my sword: A base sword haz this vantage of a braue one; it keeps alwaies at a stay nothing brings it downe, not beating. I remember I promis'd the King in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eate my sword to a knife, how to get another sword I know not, nor know any means left for me to maintaine my credit but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left vneaten

of my sword.

*Exit Bassus.*

*Enter Mardonius.*

*M.* I move the King, he is most strangely a  
guelle the cause I feare too right, heaven haz some f  
in't and 'tis a scourge no question iustly layd vpon  
haz followed me through twenty roomes, and cue  
flay to wait his command, he blushes like a girle, and looks  
vpon me, as if modesty kept in his businesse: so turns away  
from me, but if I goe on, he followes me againe. *Ent Arba.*  
See, heere he is. I doe not vse this, yet I know not how, I  
cannot chuse but weepe to see him: his very enemies I  
thinke, whose wounds haue bred his fame, if they should  
see him now, would find teares in their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot vtter it, why should I keepe  
A breast to harbour thoughts? I dare not speake:  
Darker esse is in my bosome, and there lyes  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brooke the light:  
How wilt thou vex me when this deed is done?  
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it.

*Mar.* How doe you sir?

*Arb.* Why very well *Mardonius*, how dost thou doe?

*Mar.* Better then you I feare:

*Arb.* I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee,  
Thou art in hell else, secret scorching flames  
That farre transcend earthly materiall fires  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure,  
Is it not strange *Mardonius*, ther's no cure?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid  
That you would vtter to me.

*Arb.* So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

*Mar.* Out with it Sir, if it be dangerous I will not shrink  
To doe you seruice, I shall not esteeme my life a waightier  
matter then indeed it is, I know 'tis subiect to more chances  
then it haz houres, and I were better loose it in my Kings  
cause, then with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a thiefe; as  
all these are probable enough: let me but know what I shall  
doe for you.

*Arb.* It will not out: were you with *Gobrias*.

And



And bad him giue my sister all content  
The place affords, and giue her leaue to send  
And speake to whom she please?

*Mar.* Yes sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to *Bacurins* say as much  
About *Tigranes*?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my businesse.

*Mar.* O say not so,  
You had an answer of this before;  
Besides, I thinke this businesse might be vtter'd  
More carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt haue it out; I doe beseech thee  
By all the loue thou hast profest to mee,  
To see my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well, and what?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange, I shall say nothing to her?

*Arb.* Not a word;  
But if thou louest me, find some subtrill way  
To make her vnderstand by signes.

*Mar.* But what shall I make her vnderstand;

*Arb.* O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd,

*Mar.* You may, but I can only see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;  
Beare her this Ring then, and one more aduice  
Thou shalt speake to her: tell her I doe loue  
My kinned all; wilt thou?

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* O yes, and her the best;  
Better then any brother loues his sister: That's all.

*Mar.* Me thinkes this  
Need not haue bene deliuered with such a caution;  
He doe it.

*Arb.* There is more yet,  
Wilt thou be faithfull to me?

*Mar.* Sir. If I take vpon me to deliuer it, after I heare it,  
He passe through fire to doe it.

*Arb.* I loue her better then a brother ought;  
Doeſt thou conceiue me?

*Mar.* I hope you doe not Sir.

*Arb.* No, thou art dull, kneele down before her,  
And nere riſe againe, till ſhe will loue me.

*Mar.* Why, I thinke ſhee does.

*Arb.* But better then ſhe does, another way;  
As wiues loue husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I thinke there are few wiues that loue their  
Husbands, better then ſhe does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not vnderſtand me : is it fit  
This ſhould be vttered plainly; take it then  
Naked as it is : I would deſire her loue  
Lasciuioſly, lewdly, inceſtuouſly,  
To doe a ſinne, that needs muſt damne vs both;  
And thee too : Doeſt thou vnderſtand me now ?

*Mar.* Yes, ther's your Ring againe ; What haue I done  
Diſhoneſtly in my whole life, name it  
That you ſhould put ſo baſe a buſineſſe to me ?

*Arb.* Didſt thou not tell me thou would'ſt doe it ?

*Mar.* Yes, if I vndertooke it, but if all  
My haire were liues, I would not be engag'd  
In ſuch a caſe to ſaue my laſt life.

*Arb.* O guilt, how poore, and weake a thing art thou ?  
This man that is my ſeruant, whom my breath  
Might blow about the world, might beate me here  
Hauing this cauſe, whiſt I preſt downe with ſinne  
Could not reſiſt him, heare *Mardonius*  
It was a motion miſ-beſeeming man,  
And I am ſorry for it.

*Mar.* Heauen grant you may be ſo: you muſt vnderſtand,  
nothing that you can vater, can remoue my loue and ſeruiſe  
from my Prince. But otherwiſe, I thinke I ſhall not loue you  
more. For you are ſinfull, and if you doe this crime, you  
ought to haue no lawes. For after this, it will be great iniur-  
ſtice in you to puniſh any offender for any crime : For my  
ſelfe I find my heart too big : I feele I haue not patience to  
looke on whiſt you runne theſe forbidden courſes : Meanes



I haue none but your Fanour, and I am rather glad that I shall loose 'em both together, then keepe 'em with such conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer farre within, and harbour no such vices in 'em: the Gods preserve yon, and mend.

*Arb. Mardonius, stay Mardonius, For though*  
My present state requires nothing but knaues,  
To bee about me, such as are prepar'd  
For euery wicked act yet who does know  
But that my loathed Fate may turne about,  
And I haue vse for honest men againe:  
I hope I may, I prethee leaue me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where is the King?

*Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your Maiesty, ther's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife?

*Bes.* The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away you Foole, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities, I me no honest man if my enemies haue  
not brought it to this, what doe you thinke I lie?

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well *Bessus*, 'tis very well, I'me glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are  
Cutlers, come, leaue the King.

*Bes.* Why, may not vallour approach him?

*Mar.* Ye, but he haz affaires, depart, or I shall be something vnmanly vwith you.

*Arb.* No let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay,  
I haue occasion vwith him very vweighty,  
And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Why I can spare you now.

*Bes.* *Mardonius* giue vway to the state affaires.

*Mar.* Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose.

*Exit Mar.*

*Arb.* *Bessus*, I should imploy thee, vvilt thou do't.

*Bef.* Do't for you, by this ayre I will do any thing w  
out exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Doe not sweare.

*Bef.* By this light but I will, any thing whatsoeuer.

*Arb.* But I shall name the thing

Thy conscience will not suffer thee to doe.

*Bef.* I would faine heare that ching.

*Arb.* Why I would haue thee get my sister for me :  
Thou vnderstand't me, in a wicked manner.

*Bef.* O you would haue a bout with her?

Ile do't, Ile do't, I'faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, do'st thou make no more en't?

*Bef.* More? no, why is there any thing elser? if there be  
me, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne?

Thou art too wicked for my company,  
Though I haue hell within me, and may'st yet  
Corrupt me further : pray thee answere me,  
How doe I shew to thee after this motion :

*Bef.* Why your Maiesty lookes as well in my opinion, as  
euer you did since you were borne,

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to mee after thy grant,  
The vgly st, lo thed, detestable thing  
That I haue euer met with! Thou hast eyes  
Like the flames of *Sulphur*, which me thinkes doe dart  
Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in where there doe stand  
Foure rowes of Iron teeth,

*Bef.* I feele no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I looke,  
Ile doe your businesse as well as they that looke better, and  
when this is dispatch'd, if you haue a mind to your Mother,  
tell me, and you shall see Ile set it hard.

*Arb.* My Mother, Heauen forgive me to heare this,  
I am inspir'd with horreur : now I haue thee  
Worse then my sinne, which if I could come by,  
Should suffer death eternall nere to rise  
In any breast againe. Know I will dye  
Languishing made, as I resolute I shall,  
Ere I will deale by such an instrument :

Thou



Thou art too sinfull to imploy in this ;  
Out of the world, away.

*Bes.* What doe you meane Sir ?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearefull flight  
Into the desarts, where' mongst all the monsters  
If thou find'st one so beastly as thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bes.* Good Sir.

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou,  
We Kings could neuer act such wicked deedes :  
Sceke out a man that mockes Diuinity,  
That breaks each precept both of Gods and mans,  
And natures too, and does it without last,  
Meerely because it is a law, and good,  
And liue with him : for him thou canst not spoyle.  
Away I say, I will not doe this sinne.

*Exit Bessie.*

He presse it here, till it doe breake my breast,  
It heau's to get out, but thou art a sinne,  
And spight of torture I will keepe thee in.

*The end of the third Act.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Gobrias, Panthea, Spaconia.*

*Gob.* **H** Aue you written Madame,

*Pan.* Yes good Gobrias.

*Gob.* And with a kindnesse, and such winning words  
As may prouoke him at one instant feele  
His double fault, your wrong, and his owne rashnesse ?

*Pan.* I haue sent words enough, if words may winne him  
From his displeasure ; and such words I hope  
As shall gaine much vpon his goodnesse, Gobrias,  
Yet fearing since they are many, and a womans,  
A poore beliefe may follow, I haue wouen  
As many truths within'em to speake for me,  
That if he be but gracious, and receiue'em.

*Gob.* Good Lady bee not fearefull, though hee should not  
Giue you your present end in this ; beleeue it,

*Yos.*

You shall feele, if your vertue can in'uce you  
 To labour on't, this tempest vvhich I know  
 Is but a poore prooffe'gainst your patience:  
 All those contents, your spirit vwill ariue at,  
 Nevver and svveter to you; you Royall Brother,  
 When he shall once collect himse'fe, and see  
 How far he haz bin atunder from himse'fe;  
 What a meere stranger to his golden temper:  
 Must from those rootes of vertue, nevver dying  
 Though somevwhat stopt vwith humor, shoot againe  
 Into a thousand glories, bearing his faire branches  
 High as our hopes can looke at straight as iustice,  
 Loaden vwith ripe contents, he loves you deerely,  
 I knowv it, and I hope I need not farther  
 Write you to vnderstand it.

*Pan.* Believe it.

But howsoever, I am sure I love him deerely;  
 So deerely, that if any thing I write  
 For my enlarging should beg't his anger,  
 Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,  
 I had rather live into b'd here.

*Gob.* You shall not feele a worse stroake then your griefe,  
 I am sorry tis so sharp. I kisse your hand,  
 And this night will deliver this true story,  
 With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace goe with you, you are a good man. *Ex. Go.*  
 My Spaconia why are you ever sad thus?

*Spa.* O d are Lads!

*Pan.* Prethee discover not a way to sadness,  
 Neerer then I have in me, our two fortunes  
 Worke like two eager Hawkes, who shall get highest:  
 How shall I lessen thine, for mine I feare  
 Is easier knowne then cur'd,

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both,  
 And giue you happy ends, how ever I  
 Fall in my stubborne fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches  
 How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,

That



That are too much our Masters : good *Spaconia*  
How shall I doe you seruice ?

*Spa.* Noblest Lady,  
You make me more a slave still to your goodnesse,  
And only line to purchase thanks to pay you,  
For that is all the businesse, of my life now  
I will be bold, since you will haue it so,  
To aske a noble fauour of you.

*Pan.* Speake it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a vertue,  
No ill demand haz issue.

*Spa.* Then euer vertuous, let me begge your will  
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,  
With whom I am equall prisoner, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserue me to a greater end *Spaconia*;  
*Bacchus* cannot want so much good manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation,  
Though you came only with your owne command.

*Spa.* I know they will deny me gracious Madame,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd  
So vtter empty of these excellencies,  
That tame authority ; but in you sweet Lady,  
All these are naturall ; beside, a power  
Deri'd immediate from your Royall Brother,  
Whose least word in you, may command the kingdome.

*Pan.* More then my word *Spaconia*, you shall carry,  
For feare it faile you.

*Spa.* Dare you trust a token ?  
Madame, I feare I am growne too bold a begger.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one, and trust me Lady  
It ioyes me, I shall doe a good to you,  
Though to my selfe I neuer shall be happie :  
Here take this Ring, and from me as a token  
Deliu'r it ; I thinke they will not stay you  
So all your owne desires goe with you Lady.

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your Grace.

*Pan.* Pray Heauen I find it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tigranes in prison.*

*Tigr.* Foole that I am, I haue vndone my selfe,

H

And

And with my owne hand turn'd my fortune round.  
 That was a faire one : I haue childishly  
 Playde with my hope so long, till I haue broke it,  
 And now too late I mourne for't: O *Spaconia*  
 Thou hast found an euen way to thy reuenge now,  
 Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
 To wither my desires : but wretched foole,  
 Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sunne and me,  
 To make me freeze thus ? Why did I preferre her  
 To the faire Princeesse ? O thou foole, thou foole,  
 Thou family of fooles, liue like a slaue still,  
 And in thee beare thine owne hell and thy torment ;  
 Thou hast deseru'd : Couldst thou find no Lady  
 But she that haz thy hopes to put her to,  
 And hazard all thy peace ? None to abuse  
 But shee that lou'd thee euer ? poore *Spaconia*,  
 And so much lou'd thee, that in honesty  
 And honour thou art bound to meet her vertues :  
 She that forgot the greatnesse of her griefe  
 And miferies, that must follow such mad passions,  
 Endlesse and wild as women : Shee that for thee  
 And with thee left her libertie, her name,  
 And countrey, you haue payde me equall, Heauens,  
 And sent my owne rod to correct me with ;  
 A woman : for inconstancy ik suffer,  
 Lay it on Iustice, till my soule melt in me  
 For my vnmanly, beastly, sodaine doting  
 Vpon a new face : after all my oathes  
 Many and strange ones,  
 I feele my old fire flame againe and burne  
 So strong and violent, that should I see her  
 Againe, the griefe, and that would kill me.

*Enter Bacurins and Spaconia.*

*Bac.* Lady,  
 Your token I acknowledge, you may passe;  
 There is the King.

*Spa.* I thanke your Lordship for it

*Exit Bac.*

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes, shame hide me euer from her,  
 Would



Would I were buried, or so farre remou'd  
Light might not find me out : I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay, neuer hide your selfe; or were you hid  
Where earth hides all her riches, neere her center;  
My wrongs without more day would light me to you:  
I must speake ere I dye; were all our greatnesse  
Doubled vpon you, y'are a periar'd man  
And onely mighty in your wickednesse  
Of wronging women, Thou art false, false Prince;  
I liue to see it, poore *Spacia* liues  
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more;  
She liues to tell thee thou art more vnconstant,  
Then all ill women euer were together;  
Thy faith is firme as raging ouerflowes,  
That no banke can command; as lasting  
As boyes gay bubbles blowne in th'ayre and broken:  
The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall  
The beaten Marriner with his shrill whistle,  
Calme the loud murmure of the troubled maine  
And strike it smooth againe; then thy soule fall  
To haue peace in loue with any: Thou art all  
That all good men must hate, and if thy story  
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
O let it spare me in it, lest True Louers  
In pittie of my wrongs, burne thy blacke legend,  
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes.

*Tigr.* Oh! oh!

*Spa.* The destinies I hope haue pointed out  
Our ends alike, that thou maist dy for loue  
Though not for me: for this assure thy selfe,  
The Princeesse hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be worne to marry with a Bull, and safer  
Then such a beast as thou art: I haue strooke  
I feare too deep; be shrew me for't Sir,  
This sorrow worke me like a cunning frendship  
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd  
Alas, I haue beene too rugged: Deate my Lord,  
I am sorry I haue spoken any thing,

H 2

Indeed

Indeed I am, that may adde more restraint  
To that too much you haue: Good sir be pleas'd  
To thinke it was a fault of loue, not malice;  
And doe as I will doe, forgine it Prince,  
I doe, and can forgine the greatest sinnes  
To me you can repent of: pray beleene.

*Tigr.* O my *Spaconia*! O thou vertuous woman.

*Spa.* Nay more, the King Sir.

*Enter Arbaces, Bacchus, Mardonius.*

*Arb.* Haue you beene carefull of our noble prisoner  
That he want nothing fitt for his greatnesse?

*Bac.* I hope his Grace will quite me for my care Sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well Royall *Tigranes* health.

*Tigr.* More then the strictnesse of this place can giue Sir,  
I offer backe againe to great *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* We thanke you worthy Prince, and pray excuse vs,  
We haue not seene you since your being here,  
I hope your noble vsage haz beene equall  
Wi h your owne person: your imprisonment  
If it be any, I dare say is easie,  
And shall not out-last two dayes.

*Tigr.* I thanke you:  
My vsage here haz bene the same it was,  
Worthy a Royall Conquerour. For my restraint  
It came vnkindly, because much vnlook't for;  
But I must beare it.

*Arb.* What Ladie's that *Bacchus*.

*Bac.* One of the Princes women Sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

*Bac.* To speake with the Prince *Tigranes*.

*Arb.* From whom *Bacchus*?

*Bac.* From the Princeesse Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seene her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now againe,  
'Tis a strange Feauer; and'twill shake vs all anone, I feare;  
Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:  
Giue me the warres, where men are madde, and may talke  
what they list, and held the brauest Fellowes; This pelting  
prating



prating peace is good for nothing : drinking's a vertue to't.

*Arb.* I see ther's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his owne end, why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your owne command to barre none from him  
Beside the Princeesse sent her Ring Sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?  
Sir, tell trueth.

*Bac.* I doe not vse to lye Sir,  
'Tis no way I eate or liue by, and I thinke,  
This is no token Sir.

*Mar.* This combat haz vndone him : If he had been well  
beaten, hee had beene temperate : I shall neuer see him hand-  
some againe, till he haue a Horse-mans staffe yoakt through  
his shoulders, or an arme broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am trified with.

*Bac.* Sir.

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You neuer knew me so Sir, I dare speake it,  
And durst a worse man tell me though my better——

*Mar.* 'Tis well sed by my Soule.

*Arb.* Sirra you answere, as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I feare Sir to lose Nobly.

*Arb.* I say Sir once againe.

*Bac.* You may say what you please Sir,  
Would I might doe so.

*Arb.* I wil Sir, and say openly this woman carries letters,  
By my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it.

*Mar.* Would *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search  
her, he would quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

*Arb.* I haue found it out; this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill bee an ill world for Bawdes,  
Chamber-maids, and Post-boyes, I thank heauen I haue none  
but his letters parents, things of his owne indighting.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Doe, what Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serue your turne Prince,

*Tigr.* Serue my turne Sir?

*Arb.* I Sir, it shal not serue your turne.

*Tigr.* Be plainer good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters backe to your loue *Panthea*, by heauen she shall not, I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This wou'd make a Saint sweare like a souldier.

*Tigr.* This beates me more King then the blowes you gaue me.

*Arb.* Take'em away both, and together let them prisoners bee, strictly and closely kept, or Sirra your life shall answer it, and let no body speake with'em hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subiect to you,  
And must endure these passions:  
This is the imprisonment I haue look't for a'wayes,  
And the deare place I would chuse, *Exeunt Tigr. Spa. Bas.*

*Mar.* Sir haue you done well now?

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I haue no letters Sir, to anger you,  
But a dry Sonnet of my Corporals  
To an old Sutlers wife, and that Ile burne Sir:  
'Tis like to proue a fine age for the Ignorant.

*Arb.* How dar'st thou so often forsaite thy life?  
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you won-not, or if you doe you'll  
misse it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies  
When I am dead? who shall put to his power  
To draw thole vertues out of a flood of humors,  
When they are down'd, and make'em shine againe?  
No, cut my head off:  
Then you may talke, and be beleeued and grow worse,  
And haue your too selte-glorious temper rot  
Into a dead slepe, and the kingdome with you,  
Till forraine swords be in your threats, and slaughter  
Be euery where about you like your flatterers.  
Doe, kill me.

*Arb.*



*Arb.* Prethee be rather good *Mardonius*,  
Thou know'st I loue thee, nay I honour thee,  
Beleeue it good old Souldiour, I am thine,  
But I am rackt cleane from my selfe, beare with me,  
Wouldest thou beare with me my *Mardonius*? *Enter Gobrias.*

*Mar.* There comes a good man, loue him too,  
Hee's temperate,  
You may liue to haue need of such a vertue,  
Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome good *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* My seruice and this letter to your grace.

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich Mine of vertue, and beauty.  
Your mournfull Sister.

*Arb.* Shee is in prison *Gobrias*, is she not?

*Gob.* She is Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,  
Which on my knees I begge. O'tis not fit  
That all the sweetnesse of the world in one,  
The youth, and vertue that would tame wilde Tygers  
And wilder people, that haue knowne no manners,  
Should liue thus cloystered vp; for your loues sake,  
If there be any in that Noble heart  
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorne,  
Or for her loue to you, which is as much  
As nature and obedience euer gaue,  
Haue pitie on her beauties.

*Arb.* Pray thee stand vp; 'Tis true she is too faire,  
And all these commendations but her owne,  
Would thou had'st neuer so commended her,  
Or I nere 'liu'd to haue heard it *Gobrias*;  
If thou but know'st the wrong her beauty does her  
Thou wouldest in pity of her be a lyer.  
Thy ignorance hath rawne me wretched man  
Whether my selfe nor thou canst well tell: O my fate!  
I thinke she loues mee, but I feare another  
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* I doe beseech your Grace beleeue it not,  
For let me perishe if it be not false,

Good

Good Sir read her Letter.

*Mar.* This Loue, or what a diuell it is I know not, begets more mischief then a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, staru'd, or lowlie, then liue within the ayre on't. He that had seene this braue fellow charge through a groue of pikes but tother day, and looke vpon him now, will nere belecue his eyes againe: If he continue thus but two dayes more, a Taylor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty.

And there be thousand reasons *Gobrias*,  
Thousands that will deny't:

Which if she knew she would contentedly

Be where she is, and blesse her vertues for it

And me, though she were closer. She would *Gobrias*,

Good man indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her, and with reason make her know  
Why she must liue thus from you.

*Arb.* I will, goe bring her to me.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter Bessus, and two Sword-men, and a boy.*

*Bes.* Y'are very welcome both, some stooles there boy,  
And reach a Table, Gentlemen oth'Sword,  
Pray sit without more complement: be gone child,  
I haue bin curious in the searching of you,  
Because I vnderstand you wife, and valiant persons.

1 We vnderstand our selues Sir.

*Bes.* Nay Gentlemen, and deare friends oth'Sword,  
No complement I pray, but to'th cause  
I hang vpon, which in fevv, is my honour.

2 You cannot hang too much Sir for your honour,  
But to your cause.

*Bes.* Be wise and speake trueth, my first doubt is, my beating by my Prince.

1 Stay there a little Sir, doe you doubt a beating?  
Or haue you had a beating by your Prince?

*Bes.* Gentlemen oth'Sword, my Prince haz beaten me.

2 Bro her, what thinke you of this case?

1 If he haz beaten him, the case is cleere.



2 If a haue beaten him, I grant the case ;  
But how ? Wee cannot be too subrill in this businesse  
I say; but how ?

*Bef.* Euen with his royall hand.

1 Was it a blow of loue or indignation.

*Bef.* 'Twas twenty blowes of indignation Gentlemen,  
Besides two blowes oth'face.

2 Those blowes oth'face haue made a new cause on't,  
The rest were but an horrible rudenesse.

1 Two blowes oth'face, and giuen by a worse man, I  
must confesse as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the busin. ss:  
Marke me brother, by a worse man ; but being by his Prince,  
had they beene ten, and those ten drawn teeth, beside the  
hazard of his nose for euer ; all this had beene but fauours ;  
This is my flat opinion, which Ile die in.

2 The King may doe much Captaine, belecue it, for had  
a crackt your scull through like a bottle, or broke a ribbe or  
two with tosing of you, yet you had lost no honour: This  
is strange you may imagine, but this is truth now Captaine.

*Bef.* I will be glad to embrace it Gentlemen ;  
But how farre may he strike me.

1 There's another :

A new cause rising from the time and distance,

In which I will deliuer my opinion :

He may strike, beate, or cause to be beaten ; for these are na-  
turall to man : Your Prince, I say may beate you, so farre  
foorth as his dominion reacheth ; that's for the distance ; the  
time, ten mile a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you erre, 'tis fifteene mile a day,  
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteene.

*Bef.* 'Tis a the lo- gest, but wee subiects must.

1 Be subiect to it : you are wise and vertuous.

*Bef.* Obedience euer makes that noble vse on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten body ;  
I must trouble you a little further Gentlemen oth'Sword.

2 No trouble at all to vs Sir, if we may  
Profit your vnderstanding ; we are bound  
By vertue of our calling, to vtter our opinions.

shortly, and discreetly.

*Bef.* My foremost businesse is, I haue bin kickt.

2 How farre Sir?

*Bef.* Not to flatter my selfe in it, all ouer, my sword forst, but not lost, for discreetly I renderd it to saue that imputation,

1 It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty case, pray ponder on;  
Our friend here haz beene kickt.

1 He hitz so brother.

2 Soerely he saies: Now had he set downe here  
Vpon the meere kicke, t'had bine cowardly.

1 I thinke it had beene cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend haz redeem'd it in deliuering  
His sword without compulsion; and that man  
That tooke it of him, I pronounce a weake one,  
And his kicke's nullities.

A should haue kickt him after the deliuey,  
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;  
For say that I were kickt.

2 I must not say so;

Nor I must not heare it spoke by the tongue of man,  
You kickt deere brother? you'r merry.

1 But put the case I were kickt?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their liues, and  
know not honour: put the case you were kickt?

1 I doe not say, I was kickt.

2 Nor no filly creature, that weares his head without a  
case, his soule in a skinnē coate: You kickt deere brother?

*Bef.* Nay Gentlemen, let vs doe what we shall doe,  
Truely and honestly: Good Sirs to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt, Captaine.

2 The boy may be suppos'd is lyable.

1 A foolish forward zeale Sir, in my friend;  
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt;

*Bef.* I doe suppose it.

1 Haz your boy a sword?

*Bef.*



*Bef.* Surely no : I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I doe suppose it : you grant your boy was kickt then.

2 By no meanes Captaine, let it bee supposed still ; the word grant, makes not for vs,

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted Brother?

1 I, This must be granted.

2 Still this must?

1 I say this must be granted.

2 Giue me the must againe, brother you palter.

1 I will not heare you waspe.

2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together;  
I weare as sharpe Steele as another man,  
And my foxe bites as deepe, musted my deere brother?  
But to the cause againe.

*Bef.* Nay, looke you Gentlemen.

2 In a word, I ha done.

1 A tall man, but vntemperate, 'tis great pity,  
Once more suppose the boy kickt.

2 Forward.

1 And being throughly kickt, laughes at the kicker.

2 So much for vs ; proceede,

1 And in this beaten scorne, as I may call it,  
Deliuers vp his weapon : where lies the errour.

*Bef.* It lies i'th beating Sir,  
I found it foure dayes since.

2 The errour and a sore one, as I take it,  
Lies in the thing kicking.

*Bef.* I vnderstand that well, 'tis sore indeed Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foote?

*Bef.* A Lords.

1 The cause is mighty, but had it beene two Lords,  
And both had kickt you, if you laught, 'tis cleere.

*Bef.* I did laugh.

But how will that helpe me Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it shal helpe you, if you laught alowd.

*Bef.* As lowd as a kickt man could laugh, I laught Sir :

I 2.

I My

1 My reason now, the valiant man is knowne  
By suffering and contemning ; you haue  
Enough o' both, and you are valiant.

2 If he be sure he haz bin kickt enough :  
For that braue sufferance you speake of brother,  
Consists not in a beating and away,  
But in a cudgel'd body, from eightene  
To eight and thirty : in a head rebuk't  
With pots of all size, daggers, stooles, and bedstaues,  
This shewes a valiant man.

*Bef.* Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,  
For these are all familiar things to me :  
Familiar as my sleepe, or want of money,  
All my whole bodie's but one bruise with beating,  
I thinke I haue beene cudgeld with all nations,  
And almost all religions.

2 Imbrace him brother, this man is valiant,  
I know it by my selfe, hee's valiant.

2 Captaine, thou art a valiant Gentleman  
To bide vpon, a very valiant man.

*Bef.* My equall friends oth'sword, I must request your  
hands to this.

2 'Tis fit it should be.

*Bef.* Boy, get some wine, and pen and Inke within :  
Am I cleere gentlemen ?

1 Sir, the world haz taken notice what we haue done,  
Make much of your body, for Ile pawne my Steele.,  
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

*Bef.* I must request you goe along and testifie to the  
Lord *Bacurim*, whose foote haz stricke mee, how you find  
my cause.

2 We will, and tell that Lord, he must be rul'd,  
Or there be those abroad, will rule his Lordship. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Arbaces at one doore, and Gob, and Ponthea at another,*

*Gob.* Sir, heere's the Princeesse.

*Arb.* Leau vs then alone,  
For the maine cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any but her selfe.

*Exit Gob.*  
You'r



You'r welcome Sister, and I would to heaven  
I could so bid you by another name :  
If you aboute loue not such finnes as these,  
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow  
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you, I shall speake?

*Arb.* Please me?

I more then all the art of Musicke can ;  
Thy speech doth please me, for it euer sounds  
As thou brought'st ioyfull v unexpected newes :  
And yet it is not fit thou should'st be heard,  
I pray thee thinke so.

*Pan.* Be it so, I will,

Am I the first that euer had a wrong  
So farre from being fit to haue redresse  
That'twas vnfit to heare it ; I will backe  
To prison, rather then disquiet you,  
And waite till it be fit,

*Arb.* No, doe not goe ;

For I will heare thee with a serious thought :  
I haue collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolu'd  
To heare thee largely, but I doe beseech thee  
Doe not come neerer to me, for there is  
Something in that, that will vndoe vs both.

*Pan.* Alas Sir, am I venome?

*Arb.* Yes to me ;

Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to bee  
In equall a degree of heate, or cold,  
As nature can make : yet as vnfound men  
Conuert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meates  
Into diseases, so shall I distemper'd,  
Doe thee, I pray thee draw no neerer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would : I am of late  
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus  
Is all I wish to know.

*Arb.* Why credit me *Panthia*,

Credit me that am thy brother,

Thy louing brother, and there is a cause  
 Sufficient yet vnfit for thee to know,  
 That might vndo thee euerslastingly,  
 Only to heare, wilt thou but credit this;  
 By heauen's true beleue it if thou canst.

*Pan.* Children and fooles are euer credulous,  
 And I am both I thinke, for I beleue:  
 If you dissemble; be it on your head;  
 Ile backe vnto my prison: yet me thinkes  
 I might be kept in some place where you are;  
 For in my selfe, I finde I know not what  
 To call it but it is a great desire  
 To see you often.

*Arb.* Fye, you come in a step, what doe you meane?  
 Deare Sister, doe not so: Alas *Panthea*.  
 Where I am would you be? Why, that's the cause  
 You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
 Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must indure it Sir, Heaven keepe you.

*Arb.* Nay, you shall heare the cause in short *Panthea*,  
 And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,  
 And ang thy head downe like a Violet  
 Full of the mornings dew: There is a way  
 To gaine thy freedom, but 'tis such a one  
 As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,  
 Thou would'st encounter fire and make a proofe  
 Whether the gods haue care of innocence,  
 Rather then follow it: Know that I haue lost,  
 The onely difference betwixt man and beast,  
 My reason.

*Pan.* Heaven forbid.

*Arb.* Nay, tis gone;  
 And I am left as farr without a bound,  
 As the wilde Ocean, that obeyes the windes;  
 Each sodaine passion throwes me where it lists,  
 And ouerwhelmes all that oppose my will:  
 I haue beheld thee with a lustful eye;  
 My heart is set on wickednesse to act,

Such



Such finnes with thee, as I haue bene afraid  
To thinke of, if thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which I beseech thee doe not, thou maist gaine  
Thy liberty, and yeeld me a content:  
If not thy dwelling must be dark, and close,  
Where I may neuer see thee; For heauen knowes  
That layd this punishment vpon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madnesse  
To take a start eene to thy rauihing:  
Now spit vpon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst deuise together and at once,  
Hurle'em against me: for I am a sicknesse,  
As killing as the plague, ready to seaze thee.

*Pan.* Farre be it from me to reuile the King:  
But it is true, that I shall rather chuse  
To search out death, hat else would search out me,  
And in a graue sleepe with my innocence,  
Then welcome such a sione: It is my fate,  
To these crosse accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must haue patience; and but that my eyes  
Haue more of woman in'em then my heart,  
I would not weepe: Peace enter you againe.

*Arb.* Farewell, and good *Panthea* pray for me,  
Thy prayers are pure, that I may find a death  
How euer soone, before my passions grow  
That they forget what I desire is sinne;  
For thither they are tending: if that happen,  
Then I shall force thee though thou wert a Virgin  
By vow to heauen, and shall pull a heape  
Of strange, yet vninnu'nted sinne vpon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a fullen fate that gouerns vs,  
For I could wish as heartily as you  
I were no Sister to you, I should then  
Imbrace your lawfull loue, sooner then health.

*Arb.* Could'st thou affect me then?

*Pan.* So perfectly,  
That as it is, I nere shall sway my heart,

To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my birth,  
Must this be added to my miseries  
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop  
To our full happinesse, but these meere sounds  
Brother and Sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else,  
But these alas will separate vs more  
Then twenty worlds betwixt vs.

*Arb.* I haue liu'd  
To conquer men, and now am overthrowne  
Only by words, Brother and Sister: where  
Haue those words, dwelling? I will find'em out  
And vtterly destroy'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: let'em be men or beasts,  
And I will cut'em from the earth; or townes,  
And I will raze'em, and then blow'em vp:  
Let'em be Seas, and I will drinke'em off,  
And yet haue vnquench't fire left in my breast:  
Let'em be any thing but meere voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force  
Or pollicy to conquer them.

*Arb.* *Panthea*, What shall we doe?  
Shall we stand firmly here, and gaz: our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could doe so.  
But I shall weepe out mine.

*Arb.* Accursed man,  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too deare a rate,  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when euery beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kinred  
But wretched Man? Who euer saw the Bull  
Fearefully leaue the Heifer that he lik'd  
Because th y had one Damme?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturbe you, and my selfe too;  
'Twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was,  
Stay, we will loue iust as becomes our births,



No otherwise: Brothers and Sisters may  
Walke hand in hand together: so will we,  
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith there is none at all:  
And tell me truely now, is there not one  
You loue about me?

*Pan.* No by heauen.

*Arb.* Why yet you sent vnto *Tigranes*, Sister.

*Pan.* True, but for another: for the trueth.

*Arb.* No more,  
Ile credit thee, thou canst not lye,  
Thou art all Trueth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else,  
That we may doe, but onely walke; me thinks  
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kisse.

*Arb.* And so they may *Panthea*, so will wee,  
And kisse againe too; we were too scrupulous,  
And foolish, but wee will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you haue any mercy, let me goe  
To prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I feele a sinne growing vpon my bloud,  
Worse then all these, hotter then yours.

*Arb.* That is impossible, what should we doe?

*Pan.* Fly Sir, for heauens sake

*Arb.* So wee must away,  
Sin grows vpon vs more by this delay. *Exeunt seueral ways.*

*The end of the Fourth Act.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* **S**IR, the King haz seene your Commission, and  
beleeues it, & freely by this warrant gius you  
power to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your Noble Master.

*Lyg.* I thanke his Grace, and kisse his hand,

K

*Mar.*

*Mar.* But is the maine of all your businesse Ended in this?

*Lig.* I haue another, but a worse, I am asham'd, it is a businesse——

*Mar.* You serue a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you are; you may employ mee if you please without your purse, such offices should euer be their owne rewards.

*Lig.* I am bound to your Noblenesse.

*Mar.* I may haue need of you, and then this courtesie, If it be any, is not ill bestowed:

But may I ciuilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lig.* Sir you shall know, I haue lost a foolish daughter, and with her all my patience pilfer'd away By a meane Captaine of your Kings.

*Mar.* Stay there Sir;

If he haue reacht the noble worth of Captaine,

He may well claime a worthy Gentlewoman,

Though she were yours, and Noble.

*Lig.* I grant all that too; but this wretched fellow Reaches no further then the empty name, That serues to feede him; were a valiant, Or had but in him any noble nature That might hereafter promise him a 'good man, My cares were so much lighter, and my graue A pain yet from me.

*Mar.* I confesse such fellowes

Be in all Rovall camps and haue, and must be,

To make the sinne of coward more detested

In the meane souldier, that with such a foyle

Sets off much valour By description

I should now guesse him to you, it was *Bessus*,

I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lig.* His such a scuruy name as *Bessus*, and now I thinke 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captaine, doe you call him?

Beleeue me Sir, you haue a misery

Too mighty for your age: A poxe vpon him.



For that must be the end of all his service:  
Your daughter was not mad Sir?

*Lyg.* No, would she had beene,  
The fault had had more credit: I would doe something.

*Mar.* I would faine counsel you, but to what I know not  
Hee's so below a beating, that the women  
Find him not worthy of their distaues, and to hang him,  
Were to cast away a rope;  
Hee's such an ayrie, thinne, vn bodied coward,  
That no reuenge can catch him:  
He tell you Sir, and tell you truth; this rascall  
Feares neither God nor man, haz bin so beaten:  
Sufferance haz made him wan (coate: he haz had  
Since a was first a slaue, at least three hundred daggers  
Set in's head, as little boyes doe new kniues in hot meate;  
Ther's not a rib in's body a my conscience  
That haz not bin thrice broken with dry beating;  
And now his sides looke like two wicker Targets,  
Euery way bended,  
Children will shortly take him for a wall.  
And set their stone-bowes in his forehead, He is of so base a  
sense, I cannot in a weeke imagine what shalbe done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure I haue committed some great sinne  
That this fellow should be made my rod,  
I would see him, but I shall haue no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter if you haue not; if a laming of  
him, or such a toy may do you pleasure Sir, he haz it for you,  
and He helpe you to him: 'tis no newes to him to haue a leg  
broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd ath'stones like a  
Tanzie: Draw not your sword, if you loue it; for on my con-  
science his head will breake it: we vse him i'th warres like a  
Ramme to shake a wall withall; here comes the very person  
of him, doe as you shall find your temper, I must leaue you:  
but if you doe not breake him like a Bisket, you are much  
to blame Sir.

*Exit Mar.*

*Enter Bessus and the Sword men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name *Bessus*?

*Bes.* Men call me Capitaine *Bessus*.

K. 2

*Lyg.*

*Lyg.* Then Captaine *Bessus*, you are a ranke rascall, without more exordiums, a durry frozen slave; and with the favour of your friends here, I will beate you.

2 *Sword.* Pray vse your pleasure Sir, you seeme to bee a Gentleman.

*Lyg.* Thus Captaine *Bessus*, thus; thus twinge your nose, thus kicke, thus tread you.

*Bes.* I doe beseech you yeeld your cause Sir quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed I should haue told you that first.

*Bes.* I take it so.

1. *Sword.* Captaine, a should indeed, he is mistaken.

*Lyg.* Sir you shall haue it quickly, and more beating, You haue stolne away a Lady, Captaine coward,  
And such a one. *Beates him.*

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold Sir,  
I neuer yet stole any liuing thing that had a tooth about it.

*Lig.* I know you dare lye.

*Bes.* With none but Summer Whores vpon my life fir,  
My meanes and manners neuer could attempt  
Above a hedge or hev-cocke.

*Lyg.* Sirra, that quits not me, where is this Lady?  
Doe that you doe not vse not to doe; tell trueth,  
Or by my hand, I'll beate your Captaines braines out,  
Wash'em and put'em in againe, that will I.

*Bes.* There was a Lady Sir, I must confesse,  
Once in my charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gaue her  
To my guard for her safety, how I vs'd her,  
She may her selfe report, shee's with the Prince now:  
I did but waite vpon her like a Groome,  
Which shee will testifie I am sure: It not,  
My braines are at your seruice when you please Sir,  
And glad I haue'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely, Sir, I aske you pardon,  
And am sorry I was so in temperate.

*Bes.* Well, I can aske no more, you will thinke it strange  
Now to haue me beate you at first sight.

*Lyg.* Indeed I would but I know your goodnes can forg t  
Twenty beatings, You must forgieue me,

*Bes.*



*Bef.* Yes, ther's my hand, goe where you will, I shall thinke you a valiant fellow for all this.

*Lig.* My daughter is a Whore,  
I feele it now too sensible; yet I will see her,  
Discharge my selfe from being Father to her,  
And then backe to my countrey, and there dye,  
Farewell Captaine,

*Exit Lygo.*

*Bef.* Farewell Sir, farewell, commend mee to the Gentlewoman I pray.

*1. Sword.* How now Captaine? beare vp man.

*Bef.* Gentlemen oth' I word, your hands once more, I haue Bin kickt agen, but the foolish fellow is penitent,  
Hez askt me mercy, and my honour's safe.

*2. Sword.* Wee knew that, or the foolish fellow had better haue kickt his Grandfire.

*Bef.* Confirme, confirme I pray.

*1. Sword.* There be our hands agen,  
Now let him come and say a was not sorry,  
And a sleepes for it.

*Bef.* Alas good ignorant old man, let him goe,  
Let him goe, these courses will vndoe him. *Exeunt cleare.*

*Enter Ligones and Bacurius.*

*Bac.* My Lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so, for my consent would neuer hinder you, from seeing your owne King, I am a Minister, but not a gouernour of this state, yonder is your King; he leaue you. *Exit.*

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is indeed,  
And with him my disloyall childe.

*Tigr.* I do perceiue my fault so much, that yet Methinks thou shouldst not haue forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your Maiestie.

*Tigr.* What? good *Lygones*, welcome, vvhath buisnes brought thee hither?

*Ligo.* Seuerall Busineses.

My publike businesse will appeare by this:  
I haue a message to deliuer, which  
If it please you so to authorise, is

An embassage from the Armenian state,  
Vnto *Arbaces* for your liberty :  
The offer's there set downe, please you to reade it.

*Tigr.* There is no alteration happened  
Since I came thence?

*Lig.* None Sir, all is as it was.

*Tigr.* And all our friends are well.

*Lyg.* All very well.

*Spa.* Though I haue done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my Father, it was fault  
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Madame I should haue seene you.

*Spa.* O good Sir forgiue me.

*Lyg.* Forgiue you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my meane deserts,  
Indeed you are not.

*Lig.* Thou could'st prate vnhappily  
Ere thou could'st goe, would thou could'st doe as well,  
And how does your custome hold out here?

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lyg.* Are you in priuate still, or how?

*Spa.* What doe you meane?

*Lyg.* Doe you take money? are you come to sell sin yet?  
perhaps I can helpe you to liberall Clients: or haz not the  
King cast you off yet? O thou vilde creature, whose best com-  
mendations is, that thou art a young Whore, I would thy  
Mother had liu'd to see this: or rather that I had died ere  
I had seen it: why did'st not make me acquainted when thou  
wert first resolu'd to be a Whore?

I would haue seene thy hot lust satisfied  
More priuatly: I would haue kept a Dancer,  
And a whole consort of Musicians  
In my owne house, onely to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was neuer Whore.

*Lig.* If thou could'st not say so much for thy selfe, thou  
shouldest be Carted,

*Tigr.* *Lygonis*, I haue read it, and I like it,  
You shall deliuer it.

*Lig.*



*Lyg.* Well Sir, I wil: but I haue priuate busines with you.

*Tigr.* Speake, what ist?

*Lyg.* How haz my age deseru'd so ill of you,  
That you can pick no strumpets i'the Land,  
but out of my breed?

*Tigr.* Strumpets good *Lygones*,

*Lyg.* Yes, and I wish to haue you know, I scorne  
to get a Whore for any Prince aliue,  
And yet scorne will not helpe me thinkes: My daughter  
Might haue beene spar'd, there were enow besides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper, but shee's innocent  
As morning light for me, and I dare sweare,  
For all the world.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you then?  
Can shee waite on you better then your man,  
Haz she a gift in plucking off your stockings,  
Can she make Cawdie well or cut your cornes,  
Why do you keepe her with you? For a Queene  
I know you doe contemne her, so should I,  
And euery subiect else thinke much at it.

*Tigr.* Let'em thinke much, but tis more firme then earth.  
Thou see'st thy Queene there.

*Lyg.* Then haue I made a faire hand, I cal'd her Whore,  
If I shall speake now as her father, I cannot chuse  
But greatly reioyce that shee shall be a Queene: but if  
I shall speake to you as a States-man, she were more fit  
To be your Whore.

*Tigr.* Get you about your businesse to *Arbaces*,  
Now you talke idlie.

*Lig.* Yes Sir, I will goe,  
And shall she be a Queene? shee had more wit  
Then her old Father when shee ran away:  
Shall she be Queene? now by my troth 'tis fine,  
He dance out of all measure at her wedding:  
Shall I not sir?

*Tigr.* Yes marry shalt thou.

*Lyg.* He make thele withered kexes beare my body  
Two houres together aboue ground.

*Tygr.*

*Tigr.* Nay goe, my businesse requires hast.

*Lyg.* Good heaven preserue you, you are an excellent king.

*Spa.* Farewell good Father,

*Lyg.* Farewell sweete vertuous Daughter,  
I neuer was so ioyfull in all my life,  
That I remember: shall she be a Queene?  
Now I perceiue a man may weepe for ioy,  
I had thought they had lyed that said so.

*Exit Lygo.*

*Tygr.* Come my deare loue.

*Spa.* But you may see another  
May alter that againe.

*Tygr.* Vnge it no more,  
I haue made vp a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shooke with eyes: I know I haue  
The passions of a man, but if I meete  
With any subiect that should hold my eyes  
More fir nely then is fit, I thinke of thee,  
And runne away from it: let that suffice.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter Bacchus and his seruant.*

*Bac.* Three gentlemen without to speake with me?

*Ser.* Yes Sir.

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter Bassus with the two Sword-men.*

*Ser.* They are entred Sir already.

*Bac.* Now fellows, your busines? are these the gentlemen?

*Bes.* My Lord I haue made bold to bring these gentlemen  
my Friends ath' sword along with me.

*Bac.* I am a fraid youle fight then.

*Bes.* My good Lord, I will not, your Lorship is mistaken,  
Feare not Lord:

*Bac.* Sir I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I aske no more in honour, Gentlemen you heare my  
Lord is sorry.

*Bac.* Not that I haue beaten you, but beaten one that  
will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming:  
As surfeits doe the diet, spring and fall.  
Now to your Sword-men.

What come they for good Captaine Stock-fish?

*Bes.*



*Bes.* It seemes your Lordship haz forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans? what shall these billets doe; be pilde vp in my Wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your Lordship holds your mirth still, heauen continue it: but for these Gentlemen they come.

*Bac.* To sweare you are a coward, spare your booke, I doe beleue it.

*Bes.* Your Lordship still drawes wide, they come to vouch vnder their valiant handes, I am no coward.

*Bac.* That would bee a show indeed worth seeing: firra bee wise, and take money for this motion, transaie with it, and wher e the name of *Bessus* haz beene knowne, or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yeeld more then a tilting. This will proue more beneficiall to you, if you be thriftie, then your Captaine ship, and more naturall; Men of most valiant hands is this true?

2 *Sword.* It is so most renowned.

*Bac.* Tis somewhat strange.

1 *Sword.* Lord, it is strange, yet true; wee haue examined from your Lordships foote there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we doe find his honour is come off cleane and sufficient: This as our swords shall helpe vs.

*Bac.* You are much bound to your bil-bow men, I am glad you are straight againe Captaine; 'twere good you would thinke some way to gratifie them, they haue vnder-gone a labour for you *Bessus*, would haue puzzeld *Hercules* with all his vallour.

2 *Sword.* Your Lorchip must vnderstand wee are no men ath'Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient we haue cleer'd our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in conscience will discharge Captaine; Ile pay this rent for you.

*Bes.* Spare your selfe my good Lord; my braue friendes ayme at nothing but the vertue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge Sir for the paines.

2. *Sword.* O Lord, my good Lord.

*Bac.* Be not so modest, I will giue you something.

*Bes.* They shall dine with your Lordship that's sufficient

*Bac.* Something in hand the while; you rogues, you apple-squires: doe you come hither with your botled vallour, your windie froth, to limmit out my beatings?

1. *Sword.* I doe beseech your Lordship.

2. *Sword.* O good Lord.

*Bac.* Sfoote what a beavy of beaten flaves are here? get me a cudgell sirra, and a tough one.

2 *Swor.* More of your foot; I doe beseech your Lordship.

*Bac.* You shall, you shall dog and your fellow Beagle.

1 *Sword.* A this side good my Lord.

*Bac.* Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foote, Ile haue you flea'e you rascals.

1 *Sword.* Mine's off my Lord.

2 *Sword.* I beseech your Lordship stay a little, my Arap's tide to my cod-piece poynt: now when you please.

*Bac.* Capitaine, these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

*Bes.* I am very well I humbly thanke your Lordship.

*Bac.* What's that in your pocket, hurts my toe you mungrell? thy buttockes cannot be so hard, out with it quickly,

2 *Swor.* Here'tis Sir, a small piece of Artillery, that a gentleman a deare friend of your Lordships sent me with; to get it mended Sir; for if you marke the nose is somewhat loose.

*Bac.* A friend of mine you rascall, I was neuer wearier of doing nothing, then kicking these two foot-bals.

*Enter seruann.*

*Ser.* Here's a good cudgell Sir.

*Bac.* It comes too late, I'me weary, pray thee doe thou beate them.

2 *Swo.* My Lord this is foule play ifaith, to put a fresh man vpon vs, Men are but men Sir.

*Bac.* That ieast shall saue your bones; Capitaine, rally vp your rotten regiment, and be gone; I had rather thrash, then be bound to kicke these rascals, till they cryde ho: *Bessus* you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit,

Farewell,



Farewell, as you like this, pray visit me againe, 'twill keepe me in good health.

*Exit Bas.*

2 *Swor.* Haz a deuellish hard foete, I neuer felt the like,

1 *Swor.* Nor I, and yet I am sure I haue felt a hundred.

2 *Swor.* If a kicke thus ith dog-dayes, a will be dry foundred: what cure now Captaine; beside oyle of baies?

*Bes.* Why well enough I warrant you, you can goe?

2 *Swor.* Yes heauen be thanked; but I feele a shrewd ach, sure haz sprang my huckle-bone.

1 *Swor.* I ha lost a hanch.

*Bes.* A little butter friend a little butter; butter and parsoley is a soueraigne matter: *probatum est.*

2 *Sword.* Captaine wee must request your hand now to our honours.

*Bes.* Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selues, and there's an end.

1 *Swo.* Nay then we must be valiant; O my ribs.

2 *Swor.* O my small guts, a plague vpon these sharpe-toed shoes, they are murderers.

*Exeunt cleere.*

*Enter Arbaces with his sword drawne.*

*Arb.* It is resolu'd, I bore it whilst I could,  
I can no more,  
I must beginne  
With murder of my friend, and so goe on  
To that incestuous rauishing, and end  
My life and sinnes with a forbidden blow,  
Vpon my selfe.

*Enter Mardonius*

*Mar.* What Tragedy is neere  
That hand was neuer wont to draw a sword,  
But it cride dead to something.

*Arb.* Mardonius haue you bid *Gobrias* come?

*Mar.* How doe you Sir?

*Arb.* Well, is a comming.

L 2

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Why fir are you thus?  
Why does your hand proclaime a lawlesse warre  
Against your selfe?

*Arb.* Thou answerest me one question with another,  
Is *Gobrias* comming?

*Mar.* Sir, he is.

*Arb.* 'Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, bee  
gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I haue mark't.

*Arb.* Marke lesse, it troubles you and me.

*Mar.* You are more variable then you were.

*Arb.* It may be so.

*Mar.* To day no Hermit could be humbler  
Then you were to vs all.

*Arb.* And what of this?

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes,  
As you would looke vs all out of the Land.

*Arb.* I doe confesse it, will that satisfie?  
I prethee get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I will speake,

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mag.* It is my duty,  
I feare you will kill your selfe: I am a subiect,  
And you shall doe me wrong in't: 'tis my cause,  
And I may speake,

*Arb.* Thou art not train'd in sinne,  
It seemes *Mardonius*: kill my selfe, by heauen  
I will not doe it yet; and when I vvill,  
Ile tell thee then: I shall be such a creature,  
That thou wilt giue me leaue without a word.  
There is a method in mans wickednesse,  
It growes vp by degrees: I am not come  
So high as killing of my selfe, there are  
A hundred thousand sinnes 'twixt me and it,  
Which I must doe, and I shall come to't at last;  
But take my oath not now, be satisfied,

And



And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill.

*Arb.* Be sorry then,

True sorrow is alone, grieue by thy selfe.

*Mar.* I pray you let me see your sword put vp  
Before I goe: Ile leaue you then.

*Arb.* Why so?

What folly is this in thee, is it not

As apt to mischief as it was before?

Can I not reach it think'st thou? these are toies

For children to be pleas'd with, and not men,

Now I am safe you thinke: I would the booke

Of fate were here, my sword is not so sure,

But I should get it out, and mangle that

That all the destinies should quite forget

Their fixt decrees, and hast to make vs new,

For other fortunes, mine could not be worse,

Wilt thou now leaue me?

*Myr.* Heauen put into your bosome temperate thoughts,  
Ile leaue you though I feare——

*Arb.* Goe, thou art honest.

Why should the hastie errors of my youth

Be so vn pardonable to draw a sinne

Helpelesse vpon me?

*Enter Gobrias.*

*Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe.

*Arb.* Draw nere thou guilty man,

That art the authour of the loathedst crime

Five ages haue brought forth, and heare me speake;

Curses more incurable, and all the euils

Mans body or his spirit can receiue

Be with thee.

*Gob.* Why Sir doe you curse me thus?

*Arb.* Why doe I curse thee, if there be a man  
Subtill in curses, that exceeds the rest,

His worst wish on thee. Thou hast broke my heart.

*Gob.* How Sir haue I preferu'd you from a child,  
From all the arrowes, malice, or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and haue I this for pay?

*Arb.* 'Tis true, thou didst preferue me, and in that  
Wert crueller then hardened murderers  
Of Infants and their mothers; thou didst saue mee  
Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thy selfe:  
This was a curious way of torturing.

*Gob.* What doe you meane?

*Arb.* Thou know'st the euils thou hast done to mee;  
Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sentst vnto me to *Armenia*,  
Fild with the praise of my beloued Sister,  
Where thou extolst her beauty, what had I  
To doe with that: what could her beauty be  
To me? & thou didst write how wel she lou'd me,  
Dost thou remember this, so that I doated  
Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true

*Arb.* Is it, and when I was return'd thou know'st  
Thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me in  
To such a strange and vnableeu'd affection.  
As good men cannot thinke on.

*Gob.* This I grant, I thinke I was the cause.

*Arb.* Wert thou? Nay more, I thinke thou meantst it.

*Gob.* Sir, I hate a lye.

As I loue heauen and honesty, I did:  
It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine owne sad Iudge,  
A further condemnation will not need,  
Prepare thy selfe to dye.

*Gob.* Why sir to die?

*Arb.* Why shouldst thou liue? was euer yet offender  
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

After



After confession of a crime like this?  
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in,  
But I can take reuenge, that's all the sweetnesse  
L. ft for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time, heare me but speake,

*Arb.* No, yet I will be farre more mercifull,  
Then thou wert to me; thou didst steale into me  
And neuer gau'st me warning: so much time  
As I giue thee now, had preuented thee  
For euer. Notwithstanding all thy sinnes,  
If thou hast hope; that there is yet a prayer  
To saue thee, turne and speake it to thy selfe.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sinnes before you doe'em,  
If you kill me.

*Arb.* I will not stay then.

*Gob.* Know you kill your Father.

*Arb.* How?

*Gob.* You kill your Father.

*Arb.* My Father? though I know't for a lie,  
Made out of feare to saue thy stained life:  
The very reuerence of the word comes crosse me,  
And tyes mine arme downe.

*Gob.* I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy  
Father, I charge thee heare me

*Arb.* If it should be so,  
As'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despised fruit  
Of lawlesse lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions: but another trueth  
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by  
The spirit of pain, it should be pow'd on thee,  
Till thou allow'st thy selfe more full of lyes  
Then he that teaches thee.

*Enter Arane.*

*Ara.* Turne thee about.

I come to speake to thee thou wicked man,  
Heare me thou tyrant.

*Arb.* I will turne to thee.

Heare me thou Strumpet : I haue blotted out  
The name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

*Ara.* My shame, thou hast lesse shame then any thing ;  
Why dost thou keepe my daughter in a prison?  
Why dost thou call her Sister, and doe this?

*Arb.* Cease thou strange impudence,  
And answere quickly, if thou contemnest me,  
This will aske an answere,  
And haue it.

*Ara.* Helpe me gentle *Gobrias*.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt though they grow together  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment  
They seuer, and each flies the noise of other,  
Thinke not of helpe, answere.

*Ara.* I will, to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as if it be a trueth  
Thinke what a creature thou hast made thy selfe,  
That didst not shame to doe, what I must blush  
Onely to aske thee : tell me who I am,  
Whose sonne I am, without all circumstance  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be  
If thou refuselt.

*Ara.* Why you are his sonne.

*Arb.* His sonne?

Swear, swear, thou worse then woman damn'd.

*Ara.* By all that's good you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That euer was knowne bad, now is the cause  
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light :  
What reuerence expects thou from a child  
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heauen,  
Thy husband and the Land : Adultrous witch  
I know now why thou wouldst haue poyson'd me,



I was thy lust which thou wouldst haue forgot:  
Then wicked mother of my finnes, and me,  
Show me the way to the inheritance  
I haue by thee: which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may soone possesse it:  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liu'st. and such diseases,  
As vs to pay lust, recompence thy deed,

*Gob.* You doe not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well;

You are a paire of Vipers; and behold  
The serpent you haue got; there is no beast  
But if he knew it, has a perrigree  
As braue as mine, for they haue more discentes,  
And I am euery way as beastly got,  
As farre without the compasse of a law  
As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vaine,  
And raile vpon a guesse: heare vs a little.

*Arb.* No I will neuer heare, but talke away  
My breath, and die,

*Gob.* Why but you are no Bastard,

*Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you goe on in wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to  
You.

*Ara* I will kneele,  
And here with the obedience of a child;  
Good Father speake, I doe acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed Father  
Was old and feeble when he married her,  
And almost all the Land as she past hope  
Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore shee tooke leaue  
To play the whore, because the King was old:

Is this the comfort?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
To giue me satisfaction when you find  
How you haue iniur'd me? let fire consume me,  
If euer I were whore.

*Gob.* Forbeare these starts,  
Or I will leane you wedded to despaire.  
As you are now: if you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,  
That cooles and blazes not.

*Arb.* Bring it out good Father,  
He lie, and listen here as reuerently  
As to an Angel: If I breath too loud,  
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our King I say was old, and this our Queene  
D'sir'd to bring an heire, but yet her husband  
She thought was past it, and to be dishonest  
I thinke she would not: if she would haue beene,  
The truth is, she was watcht so narrowly,  
And had so slender opportunities,  
She hardy could haue beene: but yet her cunning  
Found out this way: she fain'd her selfe with child,  
And posses were sent in haist throughout the Land,  
And humble thanks was giuen in euery Church,  
And prayers were made  
For her safe going and deliuery:  
She faind now to grow bigger, and perceiu'd  
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
A farre more large respect from euery man,  
And saw her power increase, and was resolu'd,  
Since she beleeu'd, she could not haue't indeed;  
At least she would be thought to haue a child.

*Arb.* Doe I not heare it well: nay I will make  
No noyse at all; but pray you to the poynt,  
Quicke as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full,



She should be brought to bed, I had a sonne  
Borne, which was you, This the Queene hearing of  
Mou'd me to let her haue you; and such reasons  
She shewed me, as she knew would tie  
My secricie, she swore you should be King,  
And to be short, I did deliver you  
Vnto her, and pretended you were dead,  
And in mine owne house kept a funerall,  
And had an empty coffin put in earth,  
That night this Queene fain'd hastily to labour  
And by a paire of women of her owne,  
Which she had char'n'd, she made the world beleue  
She was deliuered of you. You grew vp  
As the Kings sonne till you were fixe yeare old;  
Then did the King dye and did leaue to me  
Protection of the Realme; and contrary  
To his owne expectation, left this Queene  
Truely with child indeed, of the faire Princeesse  
*Panthea*: then she could haue torne her haire,  
And did alone to me, yet durst not speake  
In publike, for she knew she should be found  
A traytor; and her tale would haue bin thought  
Madnesse, or any thing rather then trueth.  
This was the onely cause why shee did seeke  
To poyson you, and I to keepe you safe;  
And this the reason, why I sought to kindle  
Some sparkes of loue in you to faire *Panthea*,  
That she might get part of her right againe.

*Arb.* And haue you made an end now? is this all?  
If not, I will be still till I be aged,  
Till all my haires be siluer.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true say you too Madame?

*Ara.* Yes' heauen knowes, it is most true,

*Arb.* *Panthea* then is not my sifter.

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prooue this?

*Gob.* If you will giue consent, else who dares goe about it?

*Arb.* Giue consent?

Why I will haue'em all that know it rackt,  
To get this from'em, all that waies without,  
Come in, what ere you be, come in, and be  
Partakers of my ioy; O you are welcome.

*Enter Bessus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other Attendants.*

*Arb.* The best newes, nay, draw no neerer,  
They all shall heare it, I am found no King.

*Mar.* Is that so good newes?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest newes that ere was heard.

*Mar.* Iudzed 'twere well for you  
If you might be a little lesse obaide.

*Arb.* One call the Queene.

*Mar.* Why, she is there.

*Arb.* The Queene *Mardonius*? *Panthea* is the Queene,  
Hnd I am plaine *Arbaces*; goe some one,  
She is in *Gobrius* house. since I saw you  
There are a thousand things deliuered to me,  
You little dreame of. *Exit a Gent.*

*Mar.* So it should seeme my Lord, what furie's this?

*Gob.* Beleeue me 'tis no furie, all that he saies is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why doe you keepe your hats off Gentlemen?  
Is it to me? if weare it must not be;

Nay, trust me, in good faith it must not be;

I cannot now command you, but I pray you

For the respect you beare me, when you tooke

Mee for your King, each man clap on his hat

At my desire.

*Mar.* We will, you are not found

So meane a man, but that you may be couer'd

As well as we, may you not.

*Arb.*



*Arb.* O not here,  
You may, but not I, for here is my father  
In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why there : O the whole story  
Would be a wilderness to loose thy selfe  
For euer : O pardon me deare Father  
For all the idle and vnreuerent words  
That I haue spoke in idle moods to you :  
I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subiects,  
Nor is the Queene *Panthea* now my Sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember fellow-subiect *Arbaces*; I  
told you once shee was not your Sister : I, and shee lookt no-  
thing like you.

*Arb.* I thinke you did good Captaine *Bessus*!

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now amongst the  
Sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating  
me, now he is proued no King.

*Enter Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, here's *Lygones*, the agent for the *Armenian* state:

*Arb.* Where is he? I know your businesse good *Lygones*.

*Lyg.* We must haue our King againe, and wil.

*Arb.* I knew that was your businesse : you shall haue  
Your King againe, and haue him so againe ;  
As neuer King was had : goe one of you  
And bid *Bacurins* bring *Tigranes* hither ;  
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*!

The Queene *Panthea* sent me word this morning,  
Was braue *Tigranes* Mistresse.

*Exit two Gent.*

*Lyg.* 'Tis *Spaconia*.

*Arb.* I, I, *Spaconia*.

*Lyg.* She is my daughter.

*Arb.* She is so : I could now tell any thing  
I neuer heard : your King shall goe so home,  
As neuer man went.

M 3

*Mar*

*Mar.* Shall he goe on's head?

*Arb.* He shall haue chariots easier then ayre,  
That I will haue inuented, and nere thinke  
An shall pay any ranfome, and thy selfe  
That art the messenger, shall ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an intire Diamond,  
That shall be made to goe with golden wheeles,  
I know not how yet.

*Lyg.* Why I shall be made for euer?  
They belid this King with vs,  
And sayd he was vnkind.

*Arb.* And then thy daughter,  
She shall haue some strange thing, weel'e haue the kingdome  
Sold vtterly, and put into a toy,  
Which she shall weare about her carelessly  
Some where or other. See the vertuous Queene;  
Behold the humblest subiect that you haue  
Kneele heere before you.

*Enter Panthea, and 1. Gent.*

*Pan.* Why kneele you to me that am your Vassaile?

*Arb.* Grant me one request.

*Pan.* Alas, what can I grant you? what I can, I will,

*Arb.* That you will please to marry me  
If I can proue it lawfull.

*Pan.* Is that all?

More willingly then I would draw this ayre.

*Arb.* Ile kisse this hand in earnest.

*2 Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is coming though he made it strange  
At first, to see the Princeesse any more.

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia*

*Arb.* The Queene

Thou meanest. O my *Tigranes* pardon mee,  
Tread on my necke, I freely offer it,  
And if thou beest so giuen, take reuenge,

For



For I haue iniur'd thee.

*Tigr.* No, I forgine,  
And reioyce more that you haue found repentance,  
Then I my liberty.

*Ab.* Mayest thou be happy  
In thy faire choise, for thou art temperate,  
You owe no ransome to the state, know that  
I haue a thousand ioyes to tell you of,  
Which yet I dare not vtter till I pay  
My thanks to heauen for 'em : Will you goe  
With me and helpe me? pray you doe.

*Tigr.* I wil.

*Ab.* Take then your faire one with you, and your Queene  
Of goodnesse and of vs, O giue me leaue  
To take your arme in mine : Come euery one  
That takes delight in goodnesse, helpe to sing  
Lovvd thanks, for me that I am prou'd no King,

*Ff Nfs.*

